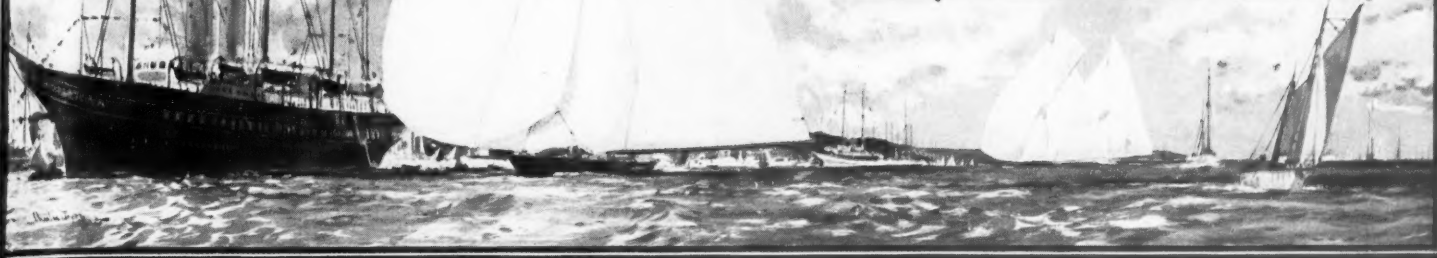


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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME

AN appeal for funds is at present being made in order to give British athletes the best possible preparation for the Olympic Games. The immediate question is a practical one; but it raises also the more abstract question of the frame of mind in which men who do not make their living by them should regard sports and games. A great many people in this country have one stock remark, which they invariably make in any debate on this subject, namely, that they do not approve of "professionalism." It is a very proper sentiment as far as it goes, but many of those who are so glib with it would, if cross-examined, be found exceedingly vague as to what they meant. It is a point on which we should all do well, in Dr. Johnson's famous phrase, to "clear our minds of cant." There are in this country thousands of people who devote the larger part of their time to some particular game, but, because they are not very young or not very apt, or are unwilling or incapable of taking much trouble, their skill does not approach to the first class. Nobody calls them "professionals" or objects to their "specialising." If, however, there is one among them who expends no more time, perhaps, but more thought and trouble, and so cultivates a natural gift to the highest possible point of excellence, then there will always be plenty of people to exclaim that he is "practically a professional." They are so sublimely illogical that they

do not object to a man playing a game as much as he likes; but they do disapprove of his becoming good at it.

It is a curious attitude of mind to which the British race is peculiarly prone. We are apt to admire not the man who actually achieves things, but him who could do all sorts of wonders if he would but try. Men attain a reputation whose sole stock-in-trade is a graceful air of being out of practice. If we look back to our schooldays, we can all remember the type of boy who most dazzled our imaginations. In work he was emphatically not the boy who "swotted" or "sapped"—whatever was the particular and contemptuous verb we used—and so attained to the top. What our idol could do was to turn out a set of verses just good enough to escape being torn over, in the shortest possible space of time. It was much the same in games. The infinite capacity for taking pains was not at all the sort of genius that we admired. There was a covert slur on the boy who made himself into a sound batsman by sheer hard work at the nets. When we grow up we may attain to a rational point of view as regards the more serious things of life, but we are apt to remain schoolboys about games. It is, of course, entirely reasonable for any man to play a game purely to amuse and enjoy himself. Very likely he is happiest of all players. But before we adopt this as a national point of view we ought to be sure that we do so quite genuinely, and not either because we are too lazy to do our best or because we are afraid of being beaten and desire to have our excuse ready beforehand. And does it not, in any case, bespeak a manlier attitude to say, as Mr. Churchill did in his speech at the Mansion House, that "we should not shrink from any legitimate and honourable test"?

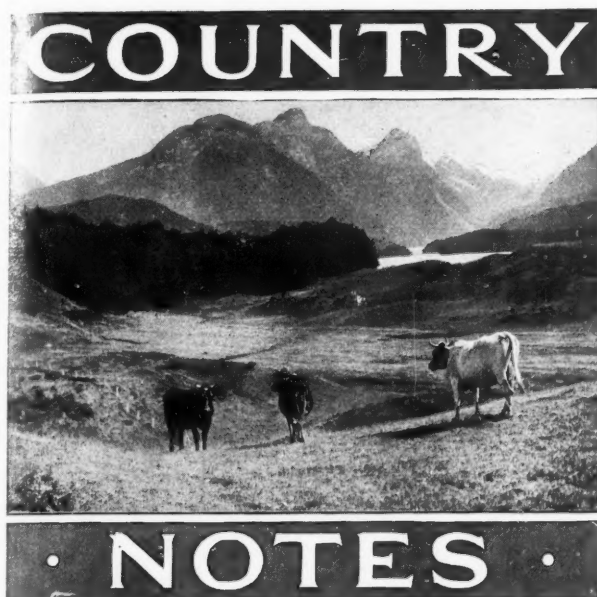
It is sometimes alleged that to take trouble to acquire technical excellence in games or sports makes a man a dour and gloomy opponent whose object is victory at any price. Americans are famous for the amount of pains they will lavish on a game; but anyone who has competed against them knows not only that they "play the game" in the most generous spirit, but they have the happy knack, however they may "concentrate" and however stern the contest, of playing as if they enjoyed it. So long as a man is a pleasant and honourable adversary he surely deserves nothing but credit for taking trouble to get the best out of himself. In particular does the runner or jumper, who is involved in this "Olympic" question, deserve all possible credit, because a good deal more is asked of him than merely to do his best at a favourite pursuit—a thing absorbing and interesting for its own sake. He has to deny himself many innocent little indulgences, and live hard and laborious days, with the prospect of thoroughly and painfully exhausting himself at the end of it. It may very well be that he has no prospect of personal honour and glory, for the "second string" immolates himself in the cause of others: it is his to run to orders till he can run no longer, in order that someone else, for whom he has paved the way, shall gain the crown. Self-restraint, resolution, courage and unselfishness—these are the qualities that are demanded of him, and what better ones could anybody wish to see cultivated by the young men of his country?

## Our Frontispiece

MR. WILLIAM WHITELAW, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is Chairman of the recently constituted London and North Eastern Railway, to which post he was unanimously elected by the constituent companies. His experience of railway affairs has been long and wide, for he has been Chairman of the North British Railway and the Highland Railway and is Chairman of the Gifford and Garvald Railway, and a director of the Samana and Santiago Railway, Limited. He is the third son of the late Mr. Alexander Whitelaw of Gartshore, Dumbartonshire, was born in 1858, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He represented Perth City in the House of Commons from 1892 to 1895.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





THE Smoke Abatement Bill was read the second time in the House of Lords last week, and the Secretary for Scotland announced that it was hoped to introduce a separate Bill for Scotland in the autumn. Our readers will remember that a little more than two years ago we published a series of articles by our Special Commissioner on fighting the smoke nuisance, showing in particular what had been done in this respect in Sheffield, while Mr. Thomas Burke made horribly picturesque the blackness of Dudley, Oldbury and the Five Towns. We have, therefore, a particular interest in this Bill. We shall hope to return to it when we can analyse its provisions in detail. Meanwhile, we are glad to see certain things: in particular, that all smoke, and not merely black smoke, is to be brought within the scope of the Public Health Act of 1875, the local authorities having power to fix their own standards for measuring black smoke. Further, the Minister of Health is given power to extend the list of noxious gases under the Alkali Works Regulation Act. That is good news when we think of the deadly canopies of vapour that hang perennially over certain Lancashire towns.

IT is provided that in any proceedings for creating a nuisance by smoke the defendant may set up the defence that, having regard to cost and to local conditions, he has used the best means in his power for preventing the nuisance. This is reasonable and right. Industry cannot be stifled in order that we may enjoy a clear sky; but this defence will always be one to need probing thoroughly. People are apt to think, quite honestly, that they have done the best possible when they have done that which is convenient to themselves and to which they have grown accustomed. In one of our articles before mentioned it was shown that Sheffield chimneys which fifteen years before had emitted dense smoke for between forty and fifty minutes in every hour have now been induced to do so on a yearly average for not more than 2.2 minutes an hour. It is probable that, to begin with, the owners of those chimneys declared that such a consummation was impossible and that they might as well close down as attempt it. It was accomplished, nevertheless.

WE commented some time ago on the splendid offer by Mr. Alfred Bossom of gold and silver medals and a travelling studentship for the encouragement of the study of American commercial architecture. The details of this offer, which marks an epoch in our architecture, are now made public. It marks an epoch in that it definitely changes our source of inspiration, substituting for the palaces of the old world the works of the new. It marks our recognition that during the past quarter of a century there has been evolved in America a style of building suited to our civilisation, which our own adaptations of Classic, Gothic and

Renaissance have failed to produce. The Board of Architectural Education will appoint a committee consisting of three architects, a builder and a property owner, who will send the annual subject to the "recognised" schools of architecture and such others as they shall choose, in each of which a local jury will select the best design to receive a silver medal. These selected designs will be submitted to the central committee and the winner will receive the gold medal and the studentship. This will require him within six months of the event to repair to the United States for a further period of not less than six months and there to prepare a detailed and illustrated report on a particular branch of the subject laid down by the committee. Mr. Bossom provides the medals and £250 annually for the expenses of the students for five years, when the Board will report to him on the result of the scheme.

THE painfully sudden death of Sir Charles Hawtreys robs the stage of its unquestionably greatest actor in comedy. The often quoted words as to the art which conceals art must serve once more, for they were exactly true of Charles Hawtreys. Every word, every little movement was so entirely easy and natural, he always looked so perfectly idle and casual, that his fine technique was sometimes in danger of escaping notice. Yet, even those who did not fully appreciate the exquisite character of his art were unanimous that in a certain type of part which came to be associated with his name there was no one to approach him. No one could be so charming a liar. It was impossible to think with harshness, however well deserved, of the lovable scamps he presented. He did not experiment nor crave fresh worlds to conquer, but, keeping within his own limits, added one delightful portrait to another. "The Private Secretary," which he adapted from the German, was his only great success as a manager; it ran for two years. Comedy was his kingdom: his task was to amuse; but he had at command, when it was needed, a simple, unstrained and most moving pathos. Nobody who saw it can ever forget that touching little scene in "One Summer's Day." He leaves a place that no one can fill.

#### THE INNS OF COURT.

My heart is parchment and my blood is ink;  
Well do I love the Law and all its ways;  
Well do I love to wander and to think  
In stately Lincoln's or in pleasant Gray's,  
Or where the Thames is hastening to the sea  
And the twin Temples rise upon the brink,  
Temples of Law and Shrines of Equity—  
My heart is parchment and my blood is ink.

My blood is ink and parchment is my heart;  
I swear no rustic meadows lovelier are  
Than those green courts in London set apart  
Where Holborn runs or close by Temple Bar;  
No winter chills the blossoms of the mind,  
At Learning Time himself shall throw no dart;  
There let me dwell, and there contentment find—  
My blood is ink and parchment is my heart.

M. MELVILLE BALFOUR.

THE death of Robert Wallace Martin, the potter, at the age of eighty, removes one of the last of the Victorian craftsmen. Though years had gradually robbed him of the co-operation of his brothers and the popularity which his work formerly enjoyed, he remained a survival of a great movement. Ruskin and Morris had taught the value of personality in applied art, and the Gothic revival, followed by the various tastes of the later nineteenth century, provided a demand for the work of such men as Tinworth, half evangelist, half potter; de Morgan, novelist and ceramist; the Doultons and the Martins. The 'seventies and 'eighties saw the zenith of Pomona House, till the brothers moved from Fulham to Southall and, like Palissy before them, embodied in glazed earthenware the peculiar objects of the gardens and canals round about. Though, to-day, terra-cotta applied to architecture is not so much admired, and clock-cases, window boxes, salt cellars

and tankards in grotesquely modelled earthenware are temporarily in disrepute, the lives of such men as Wallace Martin are admirable indeed in an age when skimped work and slovenly technique are almost universal. They had the fierce conviction of the Florentine craftsmen and the loving patience of a mediæval carver; the time is probably not far distant when these qualities will cause their work to be prized once more at its moral value.

THE recent letter to the *Times* as to the Royal Society from that highly distinguished surgeon, Sir Berkeley Moynihan, raises an interesting question. Briefly, his complaint against the Royal Society is that the laboratory worker is too often preferred, in the elections to membership, to the man whose work is done in wards and operating theatres. "The rewards open to the clinical investigator," he says, "by the only scientific body competent to give them, the Royal Society, are consistently withheld." To this Professor Poulton replies that the elections are decided "by the published record of the original work by the candidates" and that the published researches of physicians and surgeons always receive fair consideration. It must, naturally, be that a busy surgeon or physician cannot have the time or opportunity of publishing such an account of his researches as would be possible to those who work in what Sir Berkeley Moynihan calls "the cloistered tranquillity of the laboratory." It is possible to imagine cases where the great and original value of such work is so clear that, apart from the author's published account, it might be instantly rewarded, as it were, on the field of battle. The whole subject, however, is a difficult one on which the unscientific layman should be chary of forming an opinion.

IT was pleasant to read of the King's amusement over his discovery of an earwig trap at Wandsworth the other day. No doubt, His Majesty, with his wide knowledge of country life, is as familiar with the purpose of flowerpots set on sticks as any of his subjects; but we wonder in how many such matters half the population could "catch out" the other half. For the commonplaces of one man are the marvels of another, and if a team of country folk and a team of townspeople met in an information competition of why and because, both sides, we can imagine, would often be put to the blush. Probably the country folk would win, for their life is often made up of traditional practices, rough-and-ready remedies passed down from the remote past, for which the townsman can neither guess a purpose nor adduce a counterpart. Often enough the countryman himself cannot say why he does many things, save that he always has. But that is no reason for its being unsound. We remember a hedger whom an ingenious townsman asked why he slit hedge saplings on the side to which he wished to bend them. He did not know, so tried the townsman's suggestion of slitting them on the other side—which would be the obvious way. The result was that, though the saplings bent more easily, the wet got into the stems and rotted them, which it could not do before when the bark still covered the bend. The obvious way is the fool's way; but in the traditions of the ignorant lies the experience of wisdom.

THIS week sees the breaking up of schools all over the country, and the newspapers have been filled with accounts of the speeches made at prize givings. Probably no remark made on any of these occasions appealed so strongly to the younger part of the audience as did that of the Provost of Oriel at Cranleigh School, when he declared that "it was impossible for boys to form habits of industry unless they were given great opportunities for idleness." The cheering that followed these words was, we cannot doubt, entirely spontaneous. The Provost of Oriel did not, of course, mean quite what his young hearers meant. His was a plea for the relaxation of organised work and play and for a greater chance for the boy who has a variety of interests outside school routine. He instanced Martin in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," the boy who, if we remember rightly, was known as the "Mucker," and kept live animals in his room, which he turned into a chemical laboratory, and

knew every bird's nest within miles of Rugby. We are disposed to think that the difficulty of such a boy following his natural bent in a public school of to-day is sometimes exaggerated. If his bent is sufficiently strong, he will follow it and have time and opportunity for doing so. What is probably true is that boys who might have varied interests cling to the more obvious ones for fear of being thought unconventional and because orthodox pursuits and particularly games pave the way to eminence in their small world. That is a pity, and there is doubtless room for improvement, but we believe that the boy who is interested in music or painting or natural history has more scope and more encouragement to-day than he had only a few years ago.

#### THE SUSSEX CHURCH.

The air is full of sounds, yet strangely still  
On this wind-smitten hill.  
Deep in the thin grey grasses stir the wings  
Of tiny living things;  
Unseen against the sun the sky-larks climb  
Carolling all the time;  
And yet a sense of quiet holds earth and air,  
And makes them both more fair.

Seven centuries of salt wind and slanting shower  
Have beaten that old tower,  
Streaked in with rusty moss, made many a dint  
and stain upon the flint.  
Among the narrow swaths of graves forgot,  
Hasting not, pausing not,  
Nibble a group of sheep whose shepherd stands  
Vague-eyed, with folded hands.

Inside the chancel is perpetual dusk;  
A fume of mould and musk  
Fills the stern white-washed arches and the roof  
O'er-filmed with spider's woof.  
It seems as if the whole world were asleep,  
The silence is so deep;  
And then a sheep clicks its untuneful bell  
Outside, and breaks the spell.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

SCOTLAND has now an Amateur Golf Championship of its own, and though the names of many of the players are unknown to southern golfers, it is one which takes a very great deal of winning. Golf is really a national game in Scotland, in a way that it shows signs of becoming so in America long before it does in England. There are, almost literally, hundreds of players there who lack experience because they lack time and money to go far from their native links, but are capable on occasion of playing a game that may beat anybody. Consequently, in this tournament there will always be a number of "dark horses." Mr. Burrell, who won on his own course at Troon, does not come under this category, but he has never before shown himself quite capable of winning such a tournament. His greatest achievement was the beating of Mr. Jenkins, the Amateur Champion of 1914. Mr. Jenkins has never quite recovered from his good service in the war, but he is still a formidable opponent, and when he reached the semi-final he seemed likely to win. Confidence, however—and Mr. Jenkins was once the most confident golfer alive—is a hard thing to regain once it is impaired, and he seems to have thrown away the match when he held something like a winning lead. Mr. Jenkins now almost belongs to the elder generation of golfers, and it would have been very pleasant to see him win again.

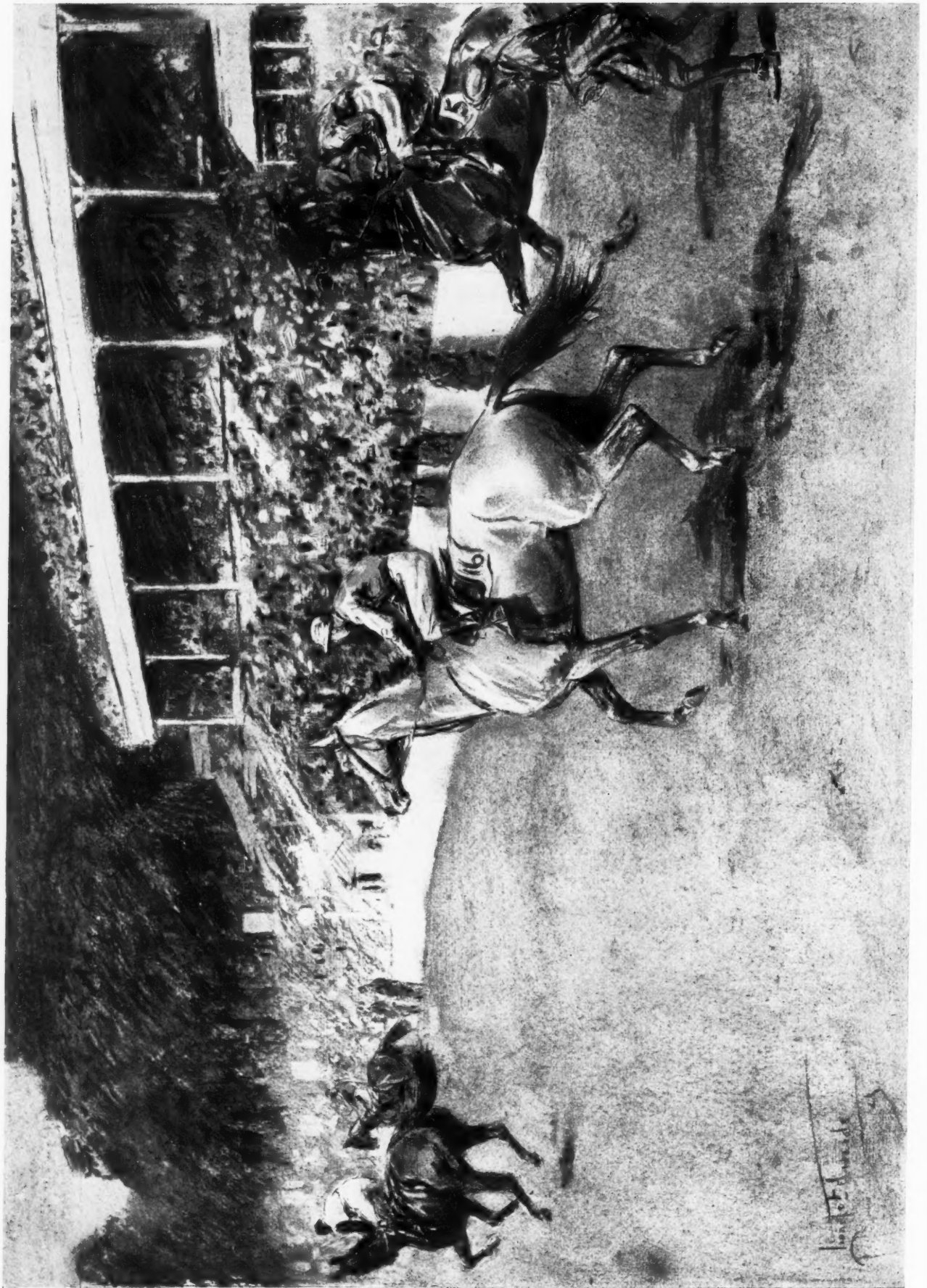
IT is a pleasure to confess ourselves mistaken in the account that we gave last week of the book containing the names of the subscribers to Lord Ullswater's portrait. At that time we suggested that the beautiful little volume was all that Lord Ullswater got—in addition to the pleasure of the artist's company—from the sum subscribed for his portrayal. It is here that we are glad to admit error; for Mr. Fiddes Watts first painted a picture of Mr. Speaker Lowther in 1922, which was presented to him, and painted the one for the Speaker's House later, both having been subscribed for by the grateful Commons.



## GOODWOOD AND COWES



GOODWOOD: PULLING UP ON THE HILL.



GOODWOOD: GOING TO THE POST.





COWES: ON THE RUN TO THE EAST OFF OLD CASTLE POINT.



COWES: INTERNATIONAL SIX METRE CLASS OFF THE SQUADRON'S CASTLE.

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## COWES WEEK

**R**EGARDED either from the social or the yachting point of view, Cowes Week is the climax of the season, and this year it promises to be an exceptionally brilliant function. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal family will be present, and the Prince of Wales is also expected, and it may be assumed that he will take an active part in the racing on board His Majesty's cutter Britannia. Yachting has certainly recovered rather slowly from the effects of the war, but during the coming festival the sport will be seen under something like the old conditions. Many notable yachts are already on the station, and by the time that the regatta opens the anchorage is likely to be almost as congested as in pre-war days. A welcome visitor is the big three-masted schooner Atlantic which won the historic race across the Atlantic in 1905 for the trophy presented by the ex-Kaiser. It will be remembered that on that occasion she made the passage in the remarkable time of twelve days four hours, lowering the existing sailing yacht record by more than forty hours. Commanded by the redoubtable Captain Charles Barr she easily beat her ten opponents, which included some of the speediest yachts afloat. When America entered the Great War the yacht was requisitioned by the American Government for service as mother ship to submarines. She has since been bought by General Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has had her thoroughly overhauled and redecorated. Another famous yacht lying at moorings in the Roads is the auxiliary topsail schooner Sunbeam, in which the late Earl Brassey cruised

for so many years all over the world. Sunbeam was also a competitor in the transatlantic race referred to above and, although now in her fiftieth year, still remains one of the most picturesque craft afloat.

The festival will open on August 6th and, in accordance with custom, the first day's racing will be under the burgee of the Royal London Yacht Club. The Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta will commence on the following day and conclude on Friday, August 10th. The programme arranged is a particularly interesting one this year and, with plenty of yachts available, the racing should be the best witnessed since the war. The principal classes catered for are the handicap classes for yachts over 100 tons and for vessels between 35 tons and 100 tons, the 12-metre class, 6-metre class, and 18ft. international class,

and various local classes, such as the Sea View Mermaids, Solent Sunbeams, Solent Seabirds, Redwings and Yarmouth one-design boats. The proceedings will terminate on the Friday evening with the usual firework display.

The most popular event of the week, of course, will be the race for the King's Cup, which will be sailed on August 7th. Since 1834 it has been the custom for the reigning sovereign to present a cup to be sailed for during Cowes Week, and it is the most coveted prize of the year. The race takes the form of a handicap open to yachts owned by members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and, as there are no restrictions as to tonnage or rig, the vessels engaged are usually of widely divergent type and size. The result of such a race must of necessity be on the knees



VANITY, THE NEW TWELVE METRE CUTTER.

of the gods, but it almost invariably attracts a large entry, and the start is a fine sight. The trophy presented by His Majesty this year is a massive silver-gilt cup of Georgian design, bearing the following inscription: "The King's Cup, Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, 1923. Presented by King George V," and on the reverse is the Royal coat of arms.

In the big handicap class the competitors will include: Britannia, H.M. the King; Nyria, Mrs. Workman; Terpsichore, Mr. R. H. Lee; Sumurun, Lord Sackville; Valdora, Sir William Portal; Mariquita, Mr. H. J. Garrett; and Cariad, Colonel J. Gretton. The Royal cutter Britannia seems to have been much improved by the overhaul she received last winter and is now showing something like the form she displayed in the 'nineties, when she administered such a trouncing to the American cutters Vigilant and Navahoe. During the recent Clyde Fortnight Britannia won eight prizes with nine starts and five of them were firsts, a fine performance for a yacht in her thirty-first season, sailing against vessels of much more modern design. The continued success of the old Watson cutter rather suggests that little, if any, progress has been made

in the science of yacht designing during the past thirty years, although there has certainly been a considerable advance in the rigging and equipment of our racing vessels.

In light weather the Nicholson-designed Nyria can usually beat Britannia, as she "ghosts" along in an astonishing manner under her huge Bermudian mainsail. Terpsichore has hitherto been a rather disappointing craft, but she won a race on the Clyde and also a second prize, and it is possible that she has not yet produced her best form. Sir Charles Allom's beautiful Fife cutter White Heather II has been sadly missed from the class this year; but, as she was reported to be cruising recently, it is possible that Sir Charles may hoist his racing flag during Cowes Week. Her presence would add greatly to the interest of the racing as she can always be relied upon to put up a keen race with Britannia and Nyria.

Some good racing should be enjoyed by the smaller handicap class which will include Thanet, Mr. J. W. Cook; Moonbeam, Mr. C. P. Johnson; Cestrian, Sir W. P. Burton; Dorina (ex Tuiga), Mr. J. S. Highfield; Paula III, Mr. K. H. Preston; and Candida, Mr. H. A. Andreae. Paula III is the successful



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HIS MAJESTY'S BRITANNIA. THIRTY YEARS OLD AND STILL LEADING.

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Nicholson-designed 15-metre cutter formerly owned by Herr Ludwig Saunders, which was captured at the outbreak of the war.

A welcome feature of the festival will be the reappearance in the Solent of the 12-metre class, which will comprise Vanity, Mr. J. R. Payne; Cyra, Mr. F. A. Roberts; Noreen, Mr. F. Last; Atalanta, Messrs. A. C. Adams and J. R. Piper; Sirocco, Mr. P. de G. Benson; and Kelpie, Mr. A. O'Connor. Of these, Vanity is a new yacht built this year from the design of Fife, and, being the first vessel exceeding 6 metres rating that has yet been produced under the present International rule, her sailing will be watched with much interest. The other yachts in the class are old vessels that were built before the war, but as their owners are anxious to get back to class racing without loss of time, they have agreed to sail with Vanity without time allowance. Kelpie, however, being a 42-footer built twenty years ago is receiving a small time allowance to give her a sporting chance.

The popular 6-metre class, which has done so much to keep the sport of yacht racing alive since the war, will be engaged every day. The class is a very strong one this year, numbering nearly a dozen yachts which are invariably sailed with the greatest keenness. The 6-metre boat produced under the present International rule is a most delightful little craft, fast and handy and full of life. All the yachts have adopted the fashionable Bermudian rig, which seems to suit them admirably. The Nicholson-designed Rose certainly commenced the season under a gaff mainsail, but soon reverted to the Bermudian sail, which experience has proved to be the fastest rig extant, at any rate for small craft. A feature of the racing of these yachts is the extremely skilful manner in which they are handled, and it is no exaggeration to say that no finer racing has been witnessed in the Solent for many years. This, perhaps, is not altogether surprising when it is remembered that some of the cleverest helmsmen now racing are competing in the class.

Another International class that will figure in the racing at Cowes is that of the 18-footers, built to the rating rule of the now defunct Boat Racing Association. Although rather smaller than the 6-metre boats, they are speedy little craft; but, unfortunately, the class numbers only four vessels. With the numerous local classes to swell the programme, there will be no lack of racing at Cowes this year, and all day and every day throughout the festival the blue waters of the Solent will be dotted with white sails.

From a purely sporting point of view the outstanding event of the regatta will be the concluding matches for the British-American Cup, which is being competed for by teams each comprising four yachts of 6 metres rating, representing Great Britain and America respectively.



VALDORA. A SUCCESSFUL FAST CRUISER.



Eken & Son.

NYRIA. BRITANNIA'S CHIEF OPPONENT.

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## THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP

**T**HE British-American yachting contest owes its inception to a few American yachtsmen who, in the autumn of 1920, conceived the happy idea of promoting an International contest between teams of yachts representing America and Great Britain on the most sporting lines possible. In order that neither side should reap any advantage from previous experience, it was decided that a measurement rule must be selected which had not been built to in either country. Great Britain had just adopted the present International rating rule, but as no yachts had been built under it the formula was *terra incognita* to the designers of both countries. The Americans therefore issued a challenge for a contest to take place in British waters the following year between teams each comprising four yachts of 6 metres rating under the International rule.

This challenge was received with enthusiasm by yachtsmen in this country, who appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements. It was decided that the contest should be an annual affair, the venue being alternately in British and American waters. It was arranged that in each contest six races should be sailed, points being awarded as follows: Eight points to the first boat, seven points to the second, six to the third, and so on, the team securing the highest aggregate of points in the six matches to be adjudged the winner. The conditions are as fair to both sides as it is possible to make them, and the contest is regarded by yachtsmen as the most sporting International event that has ever been promoted. A particularly pleasing feature is the excellent sportsmanship that has characterised the racing from the outset. Team racing is of a very different nature to ordinary yacht-racing, as every helmsman engaged



COILA III.

Which won the Seawanhaka Cup in America, 1922.

has a double objective. In the first place he is out to win, but he also does his level best to prevent his opponents winning by resorting to such measures to impede them as he legitimately may. Unless carried on in the best spirit, racing such as this may easily lead to unpleasantness, but nothing has arisen to disturb the harmony of this contest since its inception. The fact is, all engaged recognise that they are "playing for their team" and regard the tactics of their opponents as part of the game.

In the first contest, which took place in the Solent in 1921, the Americans were up against a stiff proposition. They had only built the four yachts which constituted their team, while Great Britain had a dozen or more from which to select their representatives. The British yachts were chosen after a series of the most searching trials, and it is not altogether surprising that the verdict went to them. The American boats, however, sailed sufficiently well to indicate that competition in future contests was likely to be very keen and the permanent success of the event was assured.

That our rivals meant to leave no stone unturned in their endeavours to turn the tables on their conquerors was soon apparent, for in 1922 they built some fifteen or sixteen boats of the rating. These represented the ideas of most of the leading designers in the United States, and the team was not selected until the boats had been raced together for some months. The team ultimately chosen was a very hot one and possessed the advantage of sailing in home waters. In the circumstances the British yachts did well in being beaten only by such a narrow margin as seven points.

The third contest is being held in the Solent again, and by the time the Cowes festival begins half of the matches will have been sailed. As each country has a victory to her credit the present series of races is of exceptional interest, and from a purely sporting point of view the closing matches will be the feature of Cowes Week. The four American yachts arrived recently in the liner *Leviathan* and, after being fitted out at Messrs. Camper and Nicholson's yard, proceeded to Cowes. The American team is composed as follows: Clytie, Mr. C. D. Mallory; Lea, Mr. J. F. Bermingham; Ingomar, Mr. Henry B. Plant; and Hawk, Mr. W. A. W. Stewart. Of these, Clytie and Lea competed in last year's contest, but Hawk and Ingomar are new craft built this year from the lines of Gielow and Hoyt respectively. They will be steered by their owners with the exception of



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CAPELLE.  
Sir William Burton's new boat.

Copyright.



CLYTIE.

Lea, whose helmsman is Mr. C. Sharman Hoyt. Since she raced in 1922 Lea has been altered with a view to enhanced speed, and it is probable that she is now faster than when she last sailed against our boats.

In choosing the British team the Selection Committee had a very difficult task. With the best of last year's boats available and, in addition, some half-dozen new vessels, they were faced with what might almost be termed an *embarras de richesse*. In the absence of eliminating trials they had to base their judgment upon the form displayed by the yachts in their ordinary class races and there was little to choose between quite a number of them. The Committee ultimately selected the following: Capelle, Sir W. P. Burton; Coila III, Mr. F. J. Stephen; Reg,



LEA.

Mr. Norman Clark Neill; and Suzette, Major E. T. Peel. The claims of Capelle and Coila III for inclusion in the team are beyond question, but many will wonder why Suzette and Reg were chosen in preference to such boats as Caryl, Jean and Maid Marion, which have better records this year.

Capelle, designed by Nicholson, is the only new boat in the team, the others having been built in 1922, which rather points to the conclusion that yachts built under the present International rule are not easily outclassed. The helmsmen of the British yachts will be as follows: Capelle, Sir W. P. Burton; Coila III, Mr. F. J. Stephen, jun.; Reg, Captain R. T. Dixon; and Suzette, Sir Ralph St. G. Gore. FRANCIS B. COOKE.



Beken & Son.

INGOMAR.

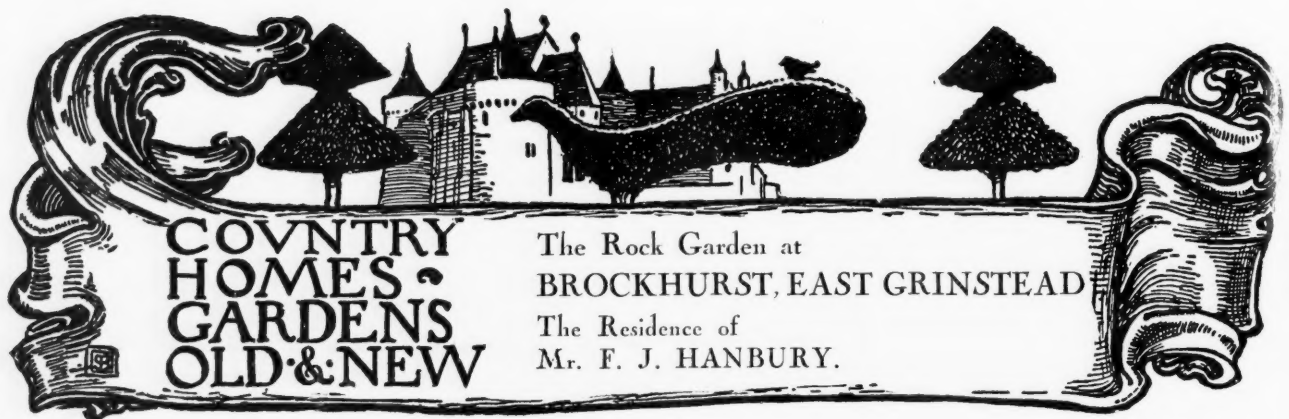


HAWK.

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THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TEAM.





**T**HE story of Mr. Hanbury's rock garden has a tang of the Arabian Nights about it. Who could imagine that this miniature alpine region, with its cliffs and peaks and deep fissures and hummocky boulders, came into being entirely through chance? Only a few years ago this rock garden was a sweeping grass meadow where cows chewed buttercups contentedly of a summer evening, and the existence of this mass of rock was not dreamed of. Mr. Hanbury had had other rock gardens, and the boulders used in their embellishment had to be laboriously carted from a quarry several miles away. It was decided that rhododendrons should be

planted along the edge of this meadow, but in making the holes a piece of rock was discovered; this was removed and more was found underneath. This discovery suggested that a part of this field might be used as a quarry, but as more and more rock was laid bare the idea of an excavated rock garden began. It was started, enlarged, deepened and widened in exactly the same way as polyps make coral. The rhododendrons must be given their due in this discovery, for if it had not been for them this 30ft. ridge of solid rock would never have been discovered. The finished garden is seen in these illustrations, which give a much better idea of the general plan than can any article.



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THE GREAT CLEFTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Aug. 4th, 1923.

# COUNTRY LIFE.

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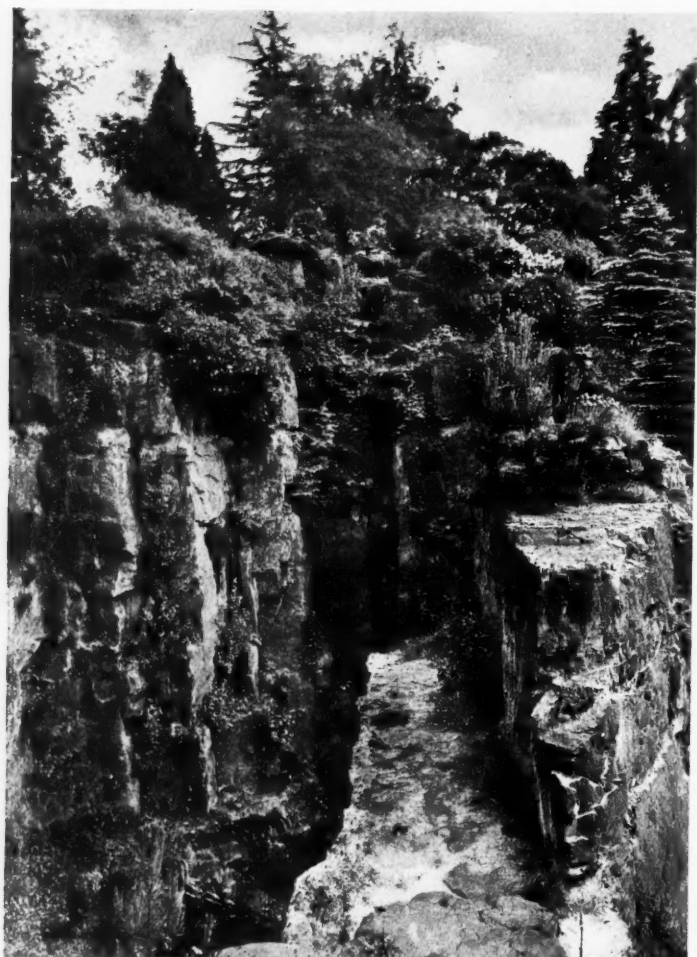


"COUNTRY LIFE."

ALL THIS MASS OF ROCK WAS A SWEEP OF MEADOWLAND A FEW YEARS AGO.

Copyright





Copyright. THE DEEP CHASM. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
The ledge in the foreground still has the ripple marks of an ancient river.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOP OF THE GARDEN.

Its size alone precludes anything except the most cursory description.

It is obvious that with the unknown dimensions of this mass of rock it was impossible to engineer this garden according to any plan. Under the guiding hand of Mr. Hanbury it grew on its own momentum. This might be brought forward in favour of the theory that gardens should evolve and not be designed in advance; but it is a risky game, although in this case extremely successful. It entails an artistic sense, a great store not only of gardening lore, but also of that acute perception of what the finished article will look like, only acquired from long experience, and, above all, a fixed idea of what one likes and what one does not like. One of the reasons why this garden is so effective is that it is a separate entity; for here is no hybrid gardening where herbaceous borders take on a nobbly appearance and slowly merge into a rockery. The whole of this gigantic excavation is hidden, and therein lies one of its great assets—surprise. There are only two ways of approach, one from the top, when suddenly the whole panorama is spread out below, as is seen in the full-page illustration, and no visible break appears between the rocks at one's feet and the ridge in the distance; the other at the far end where the existence of the garden is unsuspected until one turns a corner and enters a rocky defile. From above, one's attention is absorbed by the garden at one's feet, while below, the only anxiety is to see what is round the corner. The effect is amazing, and Mr. Hanbury deserves nothing but praise for his knowledge of the psychology of gardens.

In this garden there is a place for everything—cliffs in full sun and in shade, deep crevices which the sun rarely reaches and where the wind never blows, dry banks and wet banks, a moraine, and a bog—so, naturally, the number of individual plants is incredible. In a mere article nothing like justice can be done to such a garden; in fact, a list of the plants would fill a fat volume. Little mention is made here of Mr. Hanbury's marvellous collection of rare British treasures, which he has collected all over the British Isles, whether it be Ben Lawers or Upper Teesdale or the Scilly Isles. This omission is partly due to the ignorance of the writer on the question of rare native plants; the main reason, however, is that later on COUNTRY LIFE hopes to have a long article from Mr. Hanbury's pen on the subject of native plants in our gardens.

In a rock garden made on this generous scale, plants are allowed to grow to their full size without having to be cut back owing to overcrowding. This makes the natural form of the plant predominate and they grow as they do in their native homes. This will be realised by a short examination of the illustration of the cliff at the top end of the garden. It is clothed with *cistus* of all kinds, juniper, Spanish and Irish gorse and, towards the top, with fine bushes of *Rhododendron hybridum*. I have seen larger bushes of *cistus*, but rarely have I met with any which look so contented. They wander about at their own sweet will and flow gently over the boulders, perhaps safe in the knowledge that they are spared the knife. In the clefts between the boulders on the top are mats of *dianthus* and *helianthemum* with fine tufts of *lithospermum* Heavenly Blue. The dry, hot corners, both on the top and in the bed of the garden, are filled with *mesembryanthemums*, which revel in the sun. Many of them had been out throughout the mild winter and had come to no harm.

At the bottom of this cliff lies the deep chasm with the dripping well and little pool at its feet. This is the place where the rare British ferns clothe the sides of the little pool. Here are innumerable forms and varieties of the hart's-tongues and such rare morsels as *Cistopteris fragilis* and *C. montana*, the latter only to be found on Ben Laoigh, and *Polystichum lonchitis*, the holly fern. In the cracks and crevices many saxifrages are at home, and also *Primula minima*, a very difficult subject. It seems to thrive in the damp atmosphere of this crevice. One of the illustrations gives a view of the upper half of this cleft, and it is interesting to note that marks of ripples are distinctly visible on the ledge of rock jutting out in the foreground. This crevice is the nearest approach I have



seen in a manufactured garden to those damp, dripping clefts and crannies in the Alps or the Grampians which the collector smells out from afar. Many is the time I have seen the late Reginald Farrer spy such a spot in the Burmese hills and clamber up from rock to rock. If I may be so bold, I would suggest that Mr. Hanbury should try some of the Chinese *Lloydias* and some of those tiny ericaceous plants which have so far proved so difficult in our gardens. This is just the place for them, and they will succeed here or not at all in the British Isles.

Below the cliff the garden widens out, with the moraine in the centre and the sloping clefts on the left. In the clefts grow masses of saxifrages, among them *S. lingulata* *superba*, *S. Nepalensis*, *S. Burseriana* *gloria*, and many of the *S. cotyledons*. It is also the finest place I have seen for growing *Primula Forrestii*, that curious Chinese importation with its habit of forming root tangles on the surface. The only way to grow it satisfactorily is to plant it in a position where it can keep its roots dry, and these clefts suit it to perfection. Along the path side are fine clumps of *Primula capitata* and *P. marginata* nestling among masses of beech fern, while among the boulders on the right hand side are further tufts of *lithospermum* with *Campanula bavarica* and *Erigeron alpina*, a particularly fine native plant from Ben Lawers. Farther on down the path is the entrance to the moraine, of



PRIMULAS BORDERING THE LITTLE POOL.

which there is an illustration. On the left foreground is a wide clump of *Helichrysum bellidoides*, that satisfactory everlasting from the southern New Zealand Alps; on the right is a fine bush of *Euphorbium melliphora*, and in the centre *Senecio Greyi*. What better watch-dogs could any moraine require? In the moraine itself are innumerable rarities, among them the scarcest of our native alpine. There are two *cerastiums*, only found on the most northern island of the Shetland group, Unst, and also *Viola arenaria*, the rarest British violet, found many years ago in Upper Teesdale by James Backhouse; but what at once attracted me were enormous masses of *Gentiana acaulis* and *G. verna*. I have rarely seen more effective arrangements of these common plants. They are planted thick in great beds made up of chips of moraine material. One of the few verbenas worth growing also looks extremely well, *V. radicans*, which grows alongside *Genista tinctoria*.

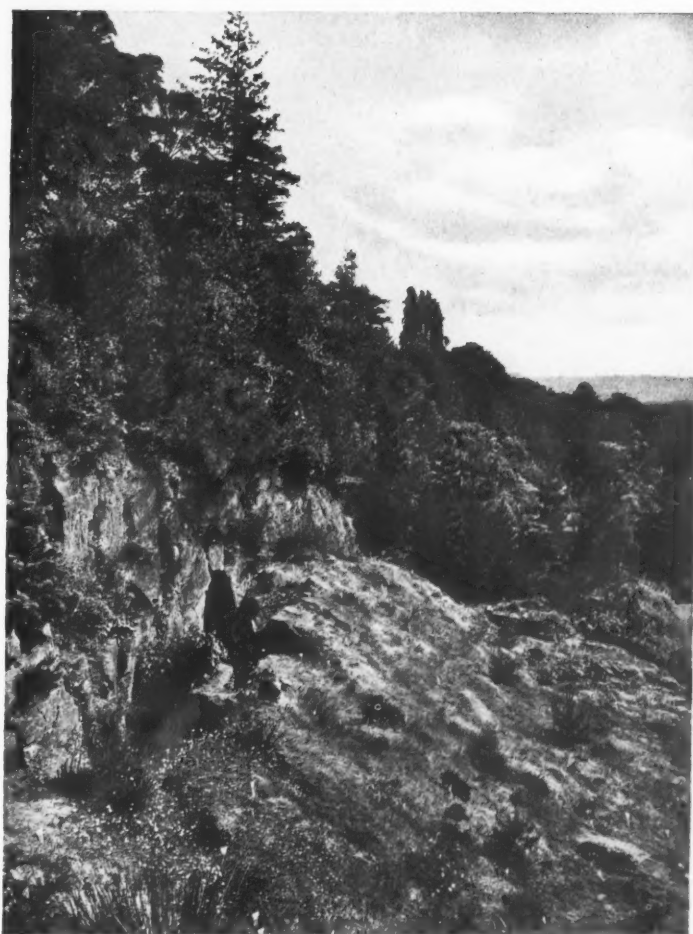
Still farther on around the corner are slabs of rock mainly devoted to sempervivums. Here are



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THE START OF THE MORaine.

"C.L."



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THE DIVERGENT PATHS.

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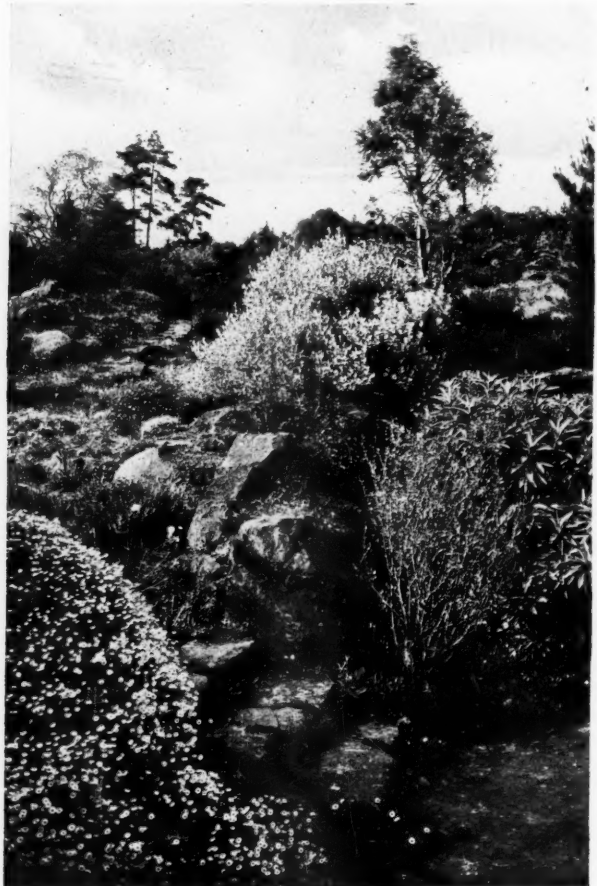
Note the masses of plants to round off the corners.



Copyright.

CISTUS AND CEANOTHUS.

"C.L."



Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE MORAINÉ.

"C.L."





THE DEEP PATH.

healthy-looking wads of *S. montanum*, *S. Lageri*, *S. arachnoideum*, one of the best, with its sprays of glowing ruby rose stars, and *S. soboliferum*. On the other side of the path is a rocky knoll with *Hamamelis mollis* and *arborea* perched on the top.

But what is the use of going on? Every bend and turn in the path brings further multitudes of plants, and this article would deteriorate into even more of a list than it is at present. I took copious notes on my different visits, and out of all this material I jotted down certain plants which struck my fancy at the time of my visits; here they are: *Erica cinera coccinea*, *Rhododendron odoratum*, *Campanula collina*, *Primula cashmeriana*, *Armeria Crimson King*, *Tropæolum polyphyllum*,



WHERE THE SEMPERVIVUMS ARE PLACED.

*Erica cinera alba*, *Artemisia pedemontana*, *Primula rosea* Brockhurst variety, a particularly fine form, *Potentilla fruticosa* Vilmoriniana, *Hibiscus rubis*, *Dianthus nicoeanus*, *Juniper hibernica compressa*, the two *Olearias*, *stellata* and *Gunni*, *Ceanothus dentata*, *Cistus crispus* and *Nierembergia frutescens*.

It will be seen, both from the article and the illustrations, that, although the actual rockwork has evolved as the mass of rock has been laid bare, yet every plant has been placed in a position where it will both thrive and show itself off to best advantage. As I have pointed out before, one of the great charms of this garden is that the plants are allowed to grow of their own sweet will. On the



RARE FERNS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHASM.



THE TOP END OF THE GARDEN.





THE LUXURIANT GROWTH OF PRIMULA AND SAXIFRAGE.



Copyright.

THE LONG FLIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The bank on the right is covered with mesembryanthemums.

banks on the lower side, where the meadow used to sweep towards the valley bottom, are regular tangles of cistus, cytisus, ceanothus, juniper, olearia, etc.; but even these tangles are carefully thought out: they are there to mark the very definite cleavage between the rock garden and the formal shrub garden which is being made in the lower half of the meadow. In all parts of this garden pleasant use is made of the distinction between the mass and the individual plant. The moraine is a good case in point; the broad masses of *Gentiana acaulis* break the surface of a collection of tiny individual plants. These masses are a rest to the eye after taking in quantities of minutiae. The high level to which this garden has reached is proved by the numbers of our native plants which flourish here. Everyone who has tried them knows that, as a rule, they are extremely difficult to bring into successful cultivation. Frankly, some of them to my, perhaps, surfeited eye are not worthy of a place in cultivation, but their scarcity even in their native habitat is such that at any moment they might become extinct. On the other hand, many of them are well worth a place in our gardens, and great credit is due both to Mr. Hanbury and his gardener for their enthusiasm in this direction. Few would have had the courage to dig into the unknown as has been done in this garden. The rocks, some of them weighing over a ton, were carefully cut from the bottom of the clefts and paths and slowly trundled on rollers to their appointed place in the lower part of the garden. The labour must have been enormous and the eye for effect extremely accurate, for no slip was made and little had to be altered. At any rate, this rock garden is one of the finest and most interesting of those which it has been my good fortune to visit.

E. H. M. Cox.

## FLOWER NAMES

THE country and folk names of our English wild flowers bring in their wake such an aura of times long past—pre-Reformation times, when people went a-pilgrimage, mediæval times, when enchanters, knights and dragons were of everyday occurrence, and Pagan times even, when Jupiter and Jove, Achilles and Mercury were still names to invoke—that they give far more food for thought and for fancy-weaving than the strictly botanical and Latin terms.

The very fact that a flower is known by one name in this county and another in that is interesting as showing the different attitudes of men's minds towards the same object. Some seem to have been the petted darlings of every shire, receiving a distinctive and poetic name in each—notably the pansy and the marsh marigold. Terms of endearment for the former, in itself a corruption of a charming French name—*pensée*, for thought—are many. Out of a long list I cite a few of the most delightful. Heartsease, love-in-idleness, herb trinity, three faces under a hood, flower of love, cull me to you. For the latter, water bubble (a Bucks name with a fine Shakespearean tang about it), May-blob, Mary-bud, king-cup, marigold.

Shakespeare has treasured up for us many a picturesque Elizabethan name, most of the Ophelia flowers being found as profusely now as then. His long purples for purple loosestrife, lady's smock for the cuckoo flower, and love-in-idleness for the pansy, are classics.

Many of our wild flower names derive from religious ceremonies, dating back, in most cases, to days of the old faith, when church festivals and saints' days and feast days were kept holy by all England. The name of the Virgin, strange to say, occurs comparatively seldom, but that of Mary very frequently.

The Star of Bethlehem is well known, and aconite is often called monk's hood or friar's cap. Milkwort is termed impartially Rogation flower—probably from the time of its blooming—and procession flower. St. John's wort is also called Grace of God, and the little crane wort *Gratia Dei*. Another name for wild angelica is Holy Ghost, and for the early purple orchis Gethsemane. The snowdrop is also known as Purification flower, and Saint Foin, usually so anglicised and mispronounced that its origin is almost forgotten, is, of course, the sacred hay or litter that made the Babe's bed in the manger. Thrift is also called Our Lady's cushion, and wood sorrel Hallelujah. An old country couplet about this modest plant is worth quoting:

"The wood sorrel—little herb,  
Has a mightie power  
For ills that the herte disturbs  
Gather ye this flower."

A faint echo of bluff King Hal's popularity is heard in one of the aliases for dog's mercury being good King Harry, and for goosefoot, good King Henry. Colchicum has a quaint Verlaine-sounding second name, naked ladies, and one of the manifold *petits noms* for the cuckoo flower is "pleasant in sight." With Ireland, never for long out of everyone's thoughts, there is food for reflection in the name sometimes given to the

wild geum, prattling Parnell. The exquisite reason for this name is still to be discovered. Spigwell is also called bald money, which, although suggestive of an aged millionaire, is only a corruption of Balder's money, i.e., the Northern Baldur, the beautiful.

One could go on citing names almost *ad infinitum*, practically every county having local names for its flora; but, as a finish to this sober flower talk, I will quote a name given by Surrey villagers to the

pretty white arabis, which so often edges the path from garden gate to cottage door. In these temperance days the name will (may?) so soon lose its significance that it is well to garner it up before its meaning fades. It is called graphically and suggestively, if not tersely, "Welcome home husband though never so drunk."

Oh ribbons of azure hue!  
Oh Pussyfoot!

MAUD SLESSOR.

## GROUSE MOORS IN SCOTLAND

GROUSE shooting is regarded by many as the very elixir of sport and unrivalled by any outdoor recreation in the world. This seems a popular idea, judging from the demand for moors for the present season, despite the fact that grouse prospects for the "Twelfth" are far from encouraging. Practically all moors that can be considered good have found tenants, though many deer forests are still unlet. Generally speaking, stalking does not seem to be so popular as it was thirty or forty years ago, when some proprietors converted good grouse moors into very inferior forests. The result is, as already said, that many have not as yet found tenants; but numbers of sportsmen, when they find it impossible to get a good moor, will take a forest rather than miss their holiday in the Highlands of Scotland. This, at least, has been the experience of the past. Of course, when associated with a good grouse moor there is no difficulty in finding tenants, and two, three and four thousand pounds are cheerfully paid for such places. There are still some smaller units in the market, but they are going off quickly.

low ground some birds withstood the storm and hatched out successfully after the snow had disappeared.

Gamekeepers as a rule are very pessimistic, but the writer, after a lengthened experience, is not afraid of grouse shooting being an entire failure from weather conditions, provided there is no disease. Grouse on high altitudes would only be nesting at the commencement of the storm, and, undoubtedly, many of them would lay again. The result, therefore, will be exceptionally numerous late broods, birds being seen sitting on eggs on July 20th. As a matter of course, it will not be expected that the clutches will be the size of the first one, but with the large stock left last year, should they even rear an average of a brace, there will still be much shooting. As everyone knows, the growth of young grouse is exceedingly rapid, and at the moment of writing, some little time before the Twelfth, a fairly optimistic view may yet be entertained. It must, however, be repeated that these remarks apply only provided there is no disease. Even though the malady is scarcely noticeable, it is surprising how chicks are affected and disappear. Nests have been noted and



OVER THE BUTT.

Sportsmen, in common with hill farmers, have reason to deplore the severe snowstorms, with frost, sleet, hail and rain, which lasted a considerable part of the month of May. August 12th being a "red letter" day in the calendar of the sportsman, anxious enquiries have been made as to how far damage has been done to the prospect of sport. It is always dangerous to speak with any degree of certainty in regard to grouse prospects till well on in July, when moors can be hunted with dogs. No keeper, however, cares to disturb the moor with dogs too early in the season, as young broods, when flushed, fly in all directions and sometimes, when on steep ground and in high winds, are carried a long distance, so that whether the old birds ever collect the entire brood again is a moot question. Much knowledge can, of course, be gained by a practical and intelligent keeper while walking over the moor even in the month of May. The characteristic bolus droppings of sitting hens can be seen on knolls, by the sides of springs and other places where birds drink. Nests are also found and the size of clutches of eggs observed. By the latter part of May incubation has taken place, and the observer can affirm with certainty how eggs have hatched, and whether or not addled ones have been left in the nest.

Early nesting of grouse was recorded this year, and everything in many places looked rosy for a good season. High hopes, however, were dashed to the ground during the second week of May, when a violent snowstorm set in and covered many moors, especially high ground, to the depth of a foot. Needless to say, as the storm lasted for days, that birds which left their nests never found them again, and chicks which were hatched perished with cold. It was quite common to see packs of old grouse up to thirty flying about as is seen at Christmas. On

kept under observation. The mother birds hatched the eggs successfully, mostly without one being addled. Why, is unexplainable, yet the chicks were never seen. Some years ago, on one of the Duke of Buccleuch's moors in Dumfriesshire, when that was the case, an emaciated bird was picked up which the writer caused to be microscopically examined, when large numbers of the strongyle worm were discovered in the caecal appendices. Old birds were subsequently picked up, disease raged rampant and, as already said, young birds were never seen, and not a bird was shot on the moor that season.

Like the plagues in Egypt, grouse disease appears periodically, though not with exactly seven years of plenty and the same of scarcity. After being decimated by disease it is interesting to note how gradually grouse increase, and by careful study a lessee can dodge a repetition of the insidious malady. Beyond doubt it has been severe in some of the northern counties this year, and notably in Banffshire. In 1921 the writer was the guest of the tenant of a large shooting in that county. Grouse were very plentiful and 3,000 brace were secured. Discussing the problem of disease with my host, I expressed the opinion that the chances were he would be safe for another season, but should not risk more. Last year he secured 5,000 brace, and wrote that he had had such splendid sport he could not think of giving it up. Bad reports come from the district this season, and it is to be feared that years will intervene before bags will equal those of the last two years.

In all that district prospects were never better than during last March and April, and the first snow in the latter month did very little harm. It, however, got from bad to worse, and nests in some places were covered to a depth of 2ft. of snow; and, as already mentioned, grouse were seen flying about in packs



just at the time when they should have been hatching. Though birds on some of the lowest ground did hatch out, there were some terrible floods afterwards, and what the fate of the chicks has been could not be ascertained. Some have nested again, on the high ground, but to what extent and how results are working out for the Twelfth it is, meantime, impossible to say. Disease, which is reported to be rampant in the Tomintoul district, may by now have abated, but no one knows to what extent the newly hatched chicks will be affected; hence, to use the Asquithian phrase, we must "wait and see."

The snowstorm does not seem to have been so severe in the east of Scotland. In the Blairgowrie district the prospects seem fairly good even up to over a thousand feet above sea level. There is not a trace of disease, though a little was experienced last year. One sportsman who has taken a shooting in that locality recently spent a day on the moor and expressed himself highly satisfied with the number of broods of grouse he saw. In the Callander district grouse prospects are good, considering the adverse conditions of the weather during the nesting season. Certainly a number of the earlier nests were destroyed by the snowstorm, but those that survived hatched remarkably well and some fine healthy broods are observable. Some of the coveys are small in number, which is only to be expected considering the weather at the time of hatching, but, taking them on an average, they are very fair. Second hatchings are, naturally, quite numerous, consequently there will, no doubt, be a good many "cheepers" after the opening of the season. These broods, though small, are, however, quite healthy and, provided the weather remains favourable, will increase the stock of birds considerably. There is a marked immunity from disease.

On Speyside, in the Kingussie district, it is reported that grouse, at least young birds, were wiped out as a result of the May snowstorm, all the early nests having been destroyed. Many, of course, will nest again; some were still laying at the end of June, but numbers of old birds remain packed. What the late birds will do remains to be seen, heavy thunder being a far from remote possibility. Thus, what promised to be an extra good grouse year will, it is feared, turn out a very poor one.

Lower down the river reports are very bad. Much of the ground was about a foot deep in snow for ten days. Many dead birds were picked up, and disease was general in the district. A later account from another source suggests that, on the whole, things are very much better than at one time appeared possible. Accepting the more hopeful view, the season, while it cannot be nearly as good as last year, may offer fair sport on most moors.

Reports from Deeside are not very promising. In the Aboyne and Ballater districts grouse are not expected to be good. There was a slight outbreak of disease in some places, but the snow in May did the major damage, and barren birds are in plentiful evidence, while few of the young birds will be fit to shoot on the Twelfth. A number of second nests were found to be furnished with only three or four eggs, and it was the very end of June before they were hatched. On the upper reaches of the Findhorn, had the weather settled after the first snowstorm on May 10th, grouse would not have suffered so severely, their later nesting period assisting the second attempt; but, unhappily, the terrible wet and cold took a heavy toll. In Morayshire, practically the same remarks apply. There, however, hens in many cases went back to their nests after being forty-eight hours off, and the keepers drove about a hundred away and destroyed the eggs. Nevertheless, a good many died—the result, presumably, of sitting so long on infertile eggs. One keeper says, "If we get a third of our nominal bag this year I will be pleased."

Disease prevailed in Caithness during May and the early part of June, but its ravages appear to have been arrested. The severity of the weather did much subsequent damage, hence there are many second hatchings and some hens are still sitting. In the district between Lochgilphead and Crinan, grouse have done well and show a good improvement on last year. Although the weather was cold during the nesting and hatching season there was no heavy rain or snowfall, and birds seem to have done well. Fine coveys of seven young birds are seen, and all are strong and healthy. Right down the west coast to the Mull of Kintyre grouse are getting up again, are strong and healthy, and good sport is anticipated. TOM SPEEDY.

## A TRUE GOLF STORY

LAST week I wrote about a friend who was proposing to revolutionise the game by means of a tee a foot high. This week I have a still more remarkable tale to unfold. It has just been sent to me by one in whom I have every confidence, and he in turn vouches for the writer as a gentleman of perfect probity and sanity. I transcribe the manuscript exactly as it came to me, save only that I have cut out the name of the course lest anyone should "have the law on me." Here it is, then, without further preamble.

In the latter years of the war I—then holding a staff appointment in the West of England—went to get a round of golf at a country course. I found only one member there—an elderly clergyman complete with white beard and a driver in his hand. He asked me if I cared to play and I agreed. I then discovered he had engaged the only caddie, and the bag which the caddie was carrying contained one club only—a driver. My opponent then said, "Shall I play you right hand or left hand—both hands or one on either side? I am equally good or bad in any of those styles." I was rather surprised, but decided he should use the right hand alone. He wasn't too bad, all things considered, but very short naturally. I should mention that the main hazards of this inland course were hedges netted with wire to prevent balls running through, and I asked my opponent what he proposed to use to get over them, as some greens were only just over these hedges. He replied, "You will see." He used his driver for every shot, long and short, and when he wished to loft, used it backhanded, driving the point of the club into the ground behind the ball. And he succeeded. I never saw him duff one. After the game I asked him why he employed a caddie whom he didn't use, and why that caddie carried a driver only, also not used. His reply was, "That's my left-hand driver, in case you had wanted me to play with my left hand." I attempted his lofting shot without much success, and he then remarked, "I played the other day with a stranger and beat him, and he said my lofting stroke was illegal, and that the rules provide that all strokes are to be played with the face of the club." To that my old parson replied that he used the top face, adding, "I referred the question to the Rules Committee of St. Andrews—but they haven't answered me." I suppressed a smile. It was a queer game—but I was most impressed with his retaining the only caddie under the circumstances. —A. W. M.

It must have been, as "A. W. M." says, a queer game, and his is certainly a queer story. It suggests another outlet for the genius of Kirkwood, who has almost every possible freakish shot in his repertory of trick strokes, but has never, so far as I know, exhibited one conceived quite on these lines. I do not understand why the old gentleman was agitated as to the legality of his method. The rules say that "the ball must be fairly struck at with the head of the club." They say nothing, to my knowledge, about any particular part of the head, and nobody has ever suggested that it was illegal to play a left-handed shot with the back of the putter, as we have to do sometimes when the ball is wedged under a tree trunk or a wall. The only stroke that I ever heard of at all akin to this old gentleman's lofting shot is that which can be played with the back of a

"Brown-Vardon" putter. This putter, as is well known, has a very shallow face and a broad, gently curving back, and a left-handed shot with it will loft the ball in a truly surprising manner. It might be most useful in emergencies, though I never saw anyone play it in earnest.

I have consulted that valuable repertory of all sorts of golfing information, "The Golfers' Handbook," and turned to "Extraordinary Feats and Interesting Facts." I discovered that at the nineteenth hole at Hoylake Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. B. Darwin put five balls out of bounds between them—a painful circumstance of which I was already aware. But I could find nothing quite to the point. The nearest approach to it was the statement that "There are a considerable number of ambidexterous players," and that one of them, Mr. Robert Smith of Sydney, "in 1909 played a round left hand against right hand, wagers being laid." I confess that in such a case I should like to know before I made my modest bet which of his hands the player himself was backing—I should be perfectly content to follow his judgment. That is, however, a digression. Mr. Robert Smith had presumably two full bags of clubs, so that my old gentleman is really without a recorded rival.

If golf is getting too easy, as some people say it is, he shows us a very simple way of making it more difficult. There will be no necessity to standardise the ball when we are all compelled to go round with only one club, and that a driver. I daresay the discipline would be very good for us, and even if we could not master that back-handed shot with the snout of the club we should become uncommonly dexterous. There are all sorts of strokes of which we know nothing, avenues of skill wholly unexplored. Some little while ago I played with a lady who could make the ball stop more dead with her driver than most of us can with any club, however lofted. Hers was the "Headsman" swing in absolute perfection. She lifted the club up quite straight and as far as it could possibly go. Then she brought it down again with a tremendous chop. I admit that too often the ball sped only along the ground, but when it did rise it spouted gloriously into the air, and on coming to earth again it spun like a teetotum and then sat down almost exactly where it had pitched. That is a shot we shall never master as long as golf is made easy for us with mashie-niblicks.

I was talking the other day to a professional who is a very good and rather stern "coach." He said that every beginner should pass the first month or so of his novitiate in playing nothing but one-handed, back-handed shots with his left hand. Most amateurs, he declared, are pitifully weak with their left hands, and, to demonstrate his meaning, he made rather cruel use of a pupil he was then coaching by asking him to play some short back-handed mashie shots. The pupil, who is no mean golfer, made but a poor show, whereas the master could play the shot as if the club were no heavier than a feather. If any reader cares to try this experiment for himself he will probably find it rather a humiliating experience. BERNARD DARWIN.



# THE MODERN COCKER

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

"STONEHENGE," in his familiar work on the dog, published in 1859, spoke of the modern cocker, which was expected to be the servant of all work of the shooter, and was bred from the Sussex spaniel and the old-fashioned cocker of Devon or Wales, the blacks being retained in preference to other colours. The modernity of 1859 was different from that of 1923, several phases having developed and faded away in the intervening years. The introduction of the Sussex blood led to the long-backed type, which for a while was the vogue, but, as shows grew common, there was a reaction to the other extreme, until backs became so short as to impair activity and utility. The older cocker, always a willing, merry little fellow, as he was known for some time, after the advent of shows, was smallish in build and weak in muzzle, suitable for flushing game, but unequal to the task of retrieving satisfactorily.

At the present time he is handsomer than ever he was, the head giving the impression of strength and sagacity, and the compact body implying activity and powers of endurance. The length of leg strikes one as being of the happy mean, and the whole frame is symmetrical and well balanced. A glance at the photographs published to-day, the originals of which belong to Mrs. Ralph Fytche of Gerrards Cross, will show better than I can describe the model that is in the minds of breeders. The long ear, besides adding to the beauty of the animal, should

serve as a protection in the rough work that our little friend is expected to do. A recent writer has spoken of the "quick ear" of the cocker, but I should imagine that the pendulous form rather impedes than accentuates the auditory faculties. At any rate, the pendent form seems to be an outcome of domestication. As far as I can remember, the only wild animal that has not erect ears is the elephant, whose immense strength and thick skin make it less imperative from a protective point of view for his hearing to be as acute as that of other creatures.

There is cogent reason for the increase in size of the modern cocker, the recognised weight being between 25lb. and 28lb. His evolution has proceeded on lines designed to meet the needs of the one-dog man, who requires his spaniel to retrieve as well as find game. There is not so much team work as there used to be.

Naturally, such a sportsman, says Mr. C. A. Phillips in the Year Book of the Cocker Spaniel Club, must have a cocker of larger size, one capable of lasting through a strenuous day, and provided with a foreface of sufficient length and strength of muzzle to retrieve, say, a cock pheasant in comfort to himself and with satisfaction to his owner.

Mr. Phillips, whose experience as an exhibitor and practical sportsman is extensive, reminds us that where the essential working qualities of a strain have been preserved one can quite as easily breed a field trial winner from a show bench champion as from any nondescript picked up by chance. This fact is of



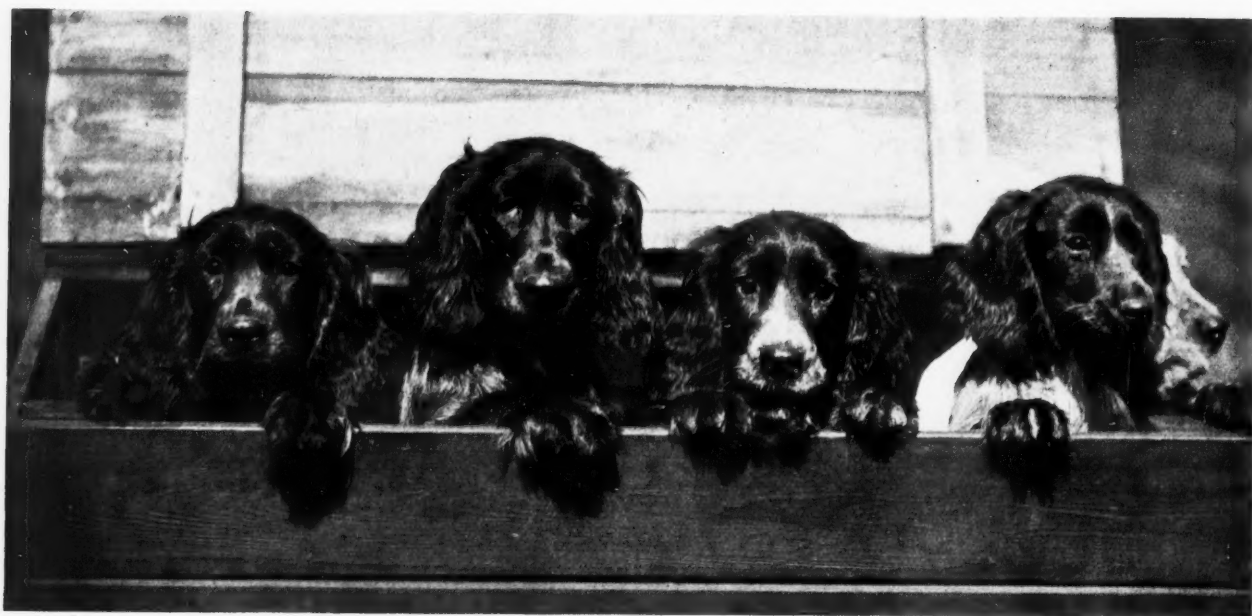
FULMER BUSTLE.



T. Fall. FULMER ECLIPSE, SLEEK AND GLOSSY IN THE SUNSHINE.



BEN'S MOST THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION. Copyright.



FOUR YOUNG FULMERS.



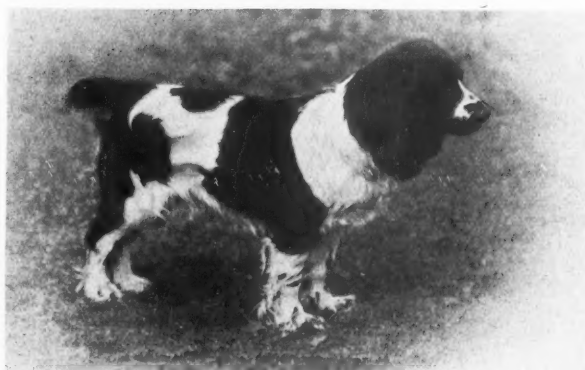
FULMER FLY AND FULMER ROSIE.

*T. Fall.*

WAITING FOR THE GUNS.

*Copyright.*

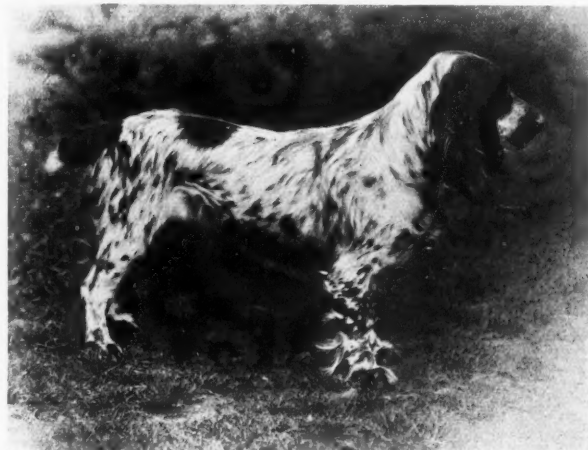
considerable importance, because, as it happens, cockers are now among the most popular dogs exhibited. In the numbers registered at the Kennel Club they are excelled by only three or four breeds, some of the terriers still leading the way. Mrs. Fytche's Fulmer strain has exerted a great influence upon the variety. Not only is she breeding many of the leading winners, but her stud dogs are responsible for a number that come from other kennels. Fulmer Ben is the most celebrated, he having won as many as nineteen challenge certificates, which is a very remarkable performance considering the keenness of competition and the numbers that are to be seen at the principal shows. The others are all



FULMER ROGER.

we go we find him making himself at home, the friend of every man. Although he revels in work, being a sportsman to the tip of his busy stern, he is also among the most companionable, thanks to his cheerful disposition.

Although stakes are usually provided for the variety at spaniel trials, it was not until last year that the Cocker Spaniel Club inaugurated a meeting of its own, and I hope that this may now become an annual event. The Earl of Devon, who has bred and handled dogs for thirty years, recently made some observations in the *Kennel Gazette* on the conduct of field trials for spaniels, which should serve as the basis for useful discussion. Premising that a spaniel is required to work in thick cover, in which a man cannot rouse



FULMER GAIETY.



FULMER BEN.

suppose the cocker shares with the fox terrier the honour of being the universal dog of the British Isles. No matter where

and spring game, and where game is none too plentiful, he argues that he must work all likely ground within half shooting





distance of his handler, and he would penalise him for not doing so. That is, he should work all ground within 20yds. in front, and to right and left of his handler, except in brace and team stakes, when they should cover 20yds. in front, and from 40yds. to 60yds. on either hand, as to whether brace or team, or whether two or three guns are shooting.

A dog getting out of shot should return to within shot at once in response to a whistle. Work should be done quickly. A dog pottering within 5yds. or 10yds. of his handler's feet loses more game to the gun than he finds. In his next contention Lord Devon differs from many who insist that a spaniel should not retrieve except under orders. He thinks one should not necessarily be penalised for running in to kills or game down, but he should not run in to shot, nor should he chase. Running after a rabbit or running pheasant within shot, so as to spring it

or drive it to the gun, is not chasing, nor is following to retrieve a wounded rabbit or wounded and running bird. Down charge, or dropping to shot, is, he considers, quite unnecessary now that muzzle-loading guns are seldom used, and the delay of dropping in thick cover often results in the loss of wounded game and is consequently unnecessary cruelty in shooting. The other points may be summarised. Retrieving should be done at the gallop, except when thick cover prevents, and game should be delivered to hand. Points should be lost if a dog runs over and fails to spring game, if the game gets up after he has passed. He should be penalised for losing touch with his handler, as well as for biting his game.

Ideal conditions for field trials may never be actually evolved, but, at any rate, we should do our utmost to discourage circuitous tricks, and to impose tests which will make dogs really helpful.

## SANDERSON OF OUNDLE

THE frontispiece of this book\* shows a powerfully built man of middle age leading a file of sturdy, smiling youths up a hillside of the Lake Country. They have "left the unlettered plain its herd and crop" and keep to the mountainside, confident, rejoicing like heroes in their strength striking out upon a path of their own. As for the leader, "he's for the morning." It is a pretty allegory, and the compilers of the book were inspired by nothing less than genius to place it in the forefront of their work. And after reading the book through one is tempted to unfold the allegory a little further and to picture this strong, hearty leader sure indeed of the goal he aims at, certain of the light which shines upon it, and yet stumbling a little among the stones in the heather.

The keynote of Sanderson's lifework was a strenuous but somewhat inarticulate enthusiasm. He was in labour with his message. Towards the end of his life he felt increasingly the importance of delivering his doctrine. He never quite succeeded, and the last words he heard on this earth, and greeted with a chuckle, were a comment by Mr. H. G. Wells upon the difficulty of following his exposition of aims and theories.

Sanderson saw in the past history of man a continuous development, a progress towards perfection. Man's duty is to help this work of development and progress. He must ever be creating, producing more and more life. All alike must work to this end, so that it is every man's duty to help his neighbour in the service of the community. Since, then, it is a duty to work, to create, to develop, to help, to serve, the evil mind is that which only desires to possess, to enjoy, to dominate.

Such being his view of life in general, what were his views of school-life? Obviously, schools are to train the young, *not* "in the ancient spirit of mastery and dominance," but for service. This end is best achieved by making schools "copies in miniature of the world as we would love it to be." Slightly inconsistent with this appears to be another formula which he employed. "The schools should be closely linked up with the community life." This inconsistency is superficial. What we are to understand is that, though the school must nourish an ideal community life, it cannot do what it is intended to do—namely, train boys for adult life—if that ideal is too far removed from the actualities of life. The activities of boys in school must approximate to the activities of the life of the adult community, for otherwise the school could not give any valuable preparation.

The keynotes of school-life must therefore be "service," "creative work," "co-operation." Boys come to school in order to do things and to do them together. Hence the constant use by Sanderson of the expression "workshops." This word implies that the boys are working together to produce something of value. It is a most significant word. In Sanderson's language, a library is a literary workshop. Classrooms there are also, but they occupy a secondary or subsidiary place in the scheme. Sanderson expressed this in a metaphor by saying that classrooms were the rooms in which tools were sharpened for use in the workshops.

This is a theory to make purists squeal with anger and dismay. But it worked. It succeeded furiously. Sanderson's boys worked, as the French say, with bowels of brass. And they worked not only at engineering, physics, chemistry, biology, but at history, literature, languages, music and art. The hum of that busy, happy community fills with its echoes all the 300 pages of this book. To those who have had any practical experience of teaching the most significant fact will be that Sanderson found it not only possible, but also advisable, practically to abolish all forms of punishment. There is strong cause why all of us should pause and consider whether the ideas of education rejected by Sanderson can be approved by anyone.

A visitor to Oundle who had never heard of Sanderson's theories, but who simply went in and out among the boys at

work, might very well have come to a certain conclusion. That conclusion would be that Sanderson had succeeded because he had realised and acted upon this important fact that, if you wish to get the average British boy to put forth his best energies, then you must set him at work upon some task which he can and does understand to be of real value.

While, however, Sanderson might seem to be justified of works, it is probable that, on some sides, his theories require modification and restatement. In the first place, it is by no means certain that all the valuable work in the world is viewed by the workers as being service to the community. In the second place, it must be noted that though Sanderson's methods were applicable in full measure in certain subjects—in all practical work and also in natural science, mathematics and history—they can only be applied with difficulty in others, e.g., the study of modern languages and literatures.

The truth is that though his inspired vision was fiery and compelling, it was not very clear.

But whether his expressed theories of life, of duty, of service, do or do not require a modification and a restatement, that this was a great man who deserved well of his country admits of no question. In one thing he was supremely right—for he echoes in this the words of the greatest teachers—that man must be up and doing. And this great man was great because he saw visions and dreamed dreams—little matter whether all his account of them can be understood by us.

\*A Memorial of the Life and Teaching of a Great Headmaster. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)

Sailor-Town Days, by C. Fox Smith. (Methuen, 6s.)

THOSE who do not belong to the race of ship lovers may not find much to enjoy in *Sailor-Town Days*, but for the others—for those to whom romance inextinguishable and youth that outlives the years, and all those dreams which so thrill the heartstrings that it scarcely matters whether they come true or no, are to be found in ships—they will be pure delight. For the true ship-lover any aspect of his subject has in greater or less degree the charm of the whole, the ships and the men who go down to the sea in them and what that sea makes of those men's lives afloat or ashore. Anyone who has lingered about the streets of a harbour town will remember the junk stores as Miss Fox Smith describes them here, full of "all sorts of imaginable and unimaginable rubbish—rusty blocks, dried fishes like bladders, old books, old boots, old battered sea chests." Very suitably she has made her book something on their pattern—"Tatoists," "Ratcliffe Highway," "Execution Dock," "Unlucky Ships," "The Last of the Tea Clippers," "Sea Saints and Waterside Churches," "Liverpool and the Western Ocean," "Black Ivory," "A Danish Harbour," "Ships' Names"—these are just a few titles collected at random from her chapter headings. It is delightful "junk" salt of the sea, and I can only invite you, if you care for such quaint treasures and all the wonder to which they are the keys, to come and look with me into her store. S.

"Racundras' First Cruise, by Arthur Ransome. (George Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

THE publishers of this volume assert that they "whose ignorance of sailing is extensive have found this misfortune or privilege in no way prevented their enjoyment of the human interest of the book," and almost every reader will be able to agree with them. And for the reader who does know or care something about sailing there is an account of five hundred miles of it in a 30ft. boat in waters to which few English yachtsmen have yet betaken themselves; for, starting from Riga, the *Racundras'* course may be epitomised as taking in the Estonian Islands, Reval, Helsingfors and back again. Her owner travelled with observant eyes and managed on his way to behold many wonders, none however really stranger and more arresting or more likely to linger long in the memory than that encountered, on another journey in the Baltic, when, mooring off a wooded coast where a broken pier jutted into the sea, he rowed ashore and just within the forest, almost hidden by tall pines, found "the great golden body of an unfinished ship." How he found a little empty hut and later the strange lonely boat-builder who lived there, reads like a fairy story. Then there is the cook who, when things looked bad, enquired whether they were going to be drowned before morning, "Because I have two Thermos flasks of hot coffee. If we are, we may as well drink them both." Altogether a really jolly book to read and to lend very cautiously. S.

("Some Books of the Day" will be found on page 166.)

# HUNTING ON THE ISLANDS OF THE UBANGUI RIVER.—I

By W. D. M. BELL.



ISLANDS ON THE UBANGUI RIVER.

The author, landing to shoot for the pot, found the underbrush intersected everywhere with game paths. They proved to be made by elephant.

NEVER, in my long experience of African hunting, was I so surrounded by elephant and yet so reluctant to hunt them as when I had a floating home on the Ubangui. This extraordinary reluctance or laziness I put down to the excessive luxuriousness of my travel and living arrangements. Steam spoiled me for hard work by enabling me to carry an abundance of good food and to sit in a long chair while travelling. How I came to acquire a steamboat I will now relate.

I was travelling by the regular river steamer from Brazzaville to Bangui when, at one of the wooding stations, we stopped to load up with wood fuel. To pass the time I borrowed a canoe from the captain and paddled across with my boy and rifle to a large island lying near the opposite bank. We landed on a delightful sandbank at the up-stream end of the island. At the edge of the sand the forest stood like a green wall into which you plunged from brightest sunshine into cool twilight. I thought I might get a bush buck for the pot in the forest glades, so, tying up the canoe, we entered.

Almost immediately there was a commotion among the monkeys—rustlings and chatterings with an occasional crash as some heavy monkey landed on a branch after a spring of 20ft. or 30ft. The underbrush was intersected everywhere by game paths, most of which showed hippo tracks besides bush pig and small buck tracks. It was the dry season, and tracks were difficult to recognise.

After some miles of cautious prowling and peering without seeing anything in the way of meat for the pot, we turned to search another stretch of bush on the way back to the canoe. I redoubled my caution, for I felt pretty certain that there was game about. I have often had this feeling when near game, and have often been astonished that the natives with me have been without it. Now I stopped every few paces and gently put aside the screen of underbrush, expecting to see any moment some wily forest animal equally intent on listening. In this sort of still-hunting ears are of greater value than eyes. It is intensely exciting for anyone with a vestige of imagination, for at any moment a leopard, bush pig, rare antelope, or sleeping hippo even may be met with.

Presently, what I took to be monkey rustling was heard ahead of us and low down. I crept silently towards the sounds, parted some evergreen underbrush and stood face to face with a large bull elephant. His trunk was about eight paces distant from me and he was listening intently. With his head motionless and directly facing me he presented an easy frontal brain shot, and my 7mm. bullet brought him down instantaneously. He had nice tusks of 60lb. apiece.

It now began to dawn on me that the maze of game paths we had seen were not hippo paths at all. They were elephant paths. But I did not yet realise that the bush was full of elephant. So, after cutting off the tail of our elephant, we started noisily to blaze our trail back to the canoe, so that we should have no difficulty in finding our dead elephant when we came for him.

While busily blazing our way along we must have started another elephant, for the boys on the steamer saw a large one appear suddenly on the sand bank, step swiftly across it and disappear again into the forest a few seconds before we emerged on to it. We soon reached the ship, where my elephant tail created great excitement among the passengers.

Although the wooding of the steamer was finished, I easily persuaded the captain to delay his departure. I promised him the meat of the elephant for his crew provided they cut out the ivory. He agreed readily to this, as meat of any sort in that country is difficult to come by. I soon had a steel boat full of boys to help me.

On revisiting the island we again ran into hiding elephant in spite of the noise made by the gang of boys. I did not shoot,

as we only caught a fleeting glimpse of them disappearing, and, besides, I knew that the captain would not wait while we handled another elephant. But I determined to revisit these islands some day and to hunt them properly. The natives from the opposite bank who came to the dead elephant for meat confirmed what I had already in my head. They said that all the large islands were full of elephant at a certain season, and that only bulls visited them. It was this experience which determined me to purchase a small river steamer of my own. Specially designed with a very powerful rudder, she was of shallow draught, drawing 1ft. 3ins. loaded, and had her propeller running in a tunnel. The engine was a minute triple-expansion set running in an oil bath. The boiler was of very light construction, water tube, and yet worked at 250lb. pressure. She had a very efficient condenser, and was altogether the finest little power plant I had ever seen. For fuel she cost practically nothing. Stopping



"FACE TO FACE WITH A LARGE BULL ELEPHANT."



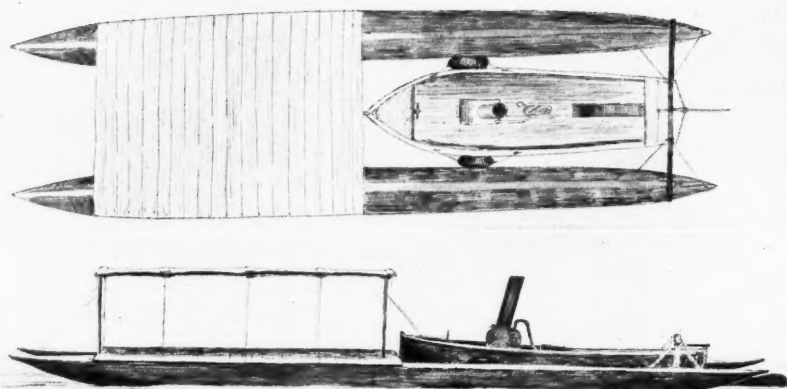
as we did to camp about 4 p.m., two or three boys were sufficient to collect enough firewood for the next day's steaming. Green wood could be burned with the aid of forced draught supplied by a fan belt driven from the engine. The stoking, while under way, was done by any boy who was awake. He sat by the boiler and every now and then put in a stick or two. The little engine was practically noiseless and quite vibrationless. She ran at 1,000 r.p.m. when all out. The hull was of galvanised steel and built in sections. She was, of course, specially built for the job and cost a very pretty penny in the first place, but a prettier still before I got her to the hunting grounds.

In order that I might have quite lavish accommodation afloat I constructed a catamaran with two specially chosen and matched native dug-outs. They were twice the length of the little launch, and were attached rigidly together right forward and again about amidships the width of the launch apart. Then this forward portion was completely decked in. Over this deck a sun-awning was built. The two native canoe hulls were decked in completely with canvas properly stayed.

At the after-end of the catamaran was a movable distance piece of wood which came just abaft the stern of the launch when she was in between the two canoe hulls, ready to push the floating house wherever we might wish to go. On tying up anywhere the launch could be cast off, the distance piece raised and the launch steamed out astern, ready for any small hunting expedition up the side creeks.

Upon the house boat itself there was ample accommodation right forward for my camp bed, mosquito net, a table and long chair, while further aft a clay bed for the kitchen fire was made. Here cooking was more or less continually in progress. Altogether the thing was practical, economical and comfortable to a degree I had never experienced before. I have forgotten to mention that when under way the current of air caused by our speed was sufficient not only to be comfortably cool, but also to keep down to a great extent those biting pests, the tsetse and other stinging flies.

On the Ubangui there are many bad rapids, especially above the town of Bangui. To pass these it was generally necessary to haul up by long chains the catamaran and launch separately. Native help could always be obtained, and was rewarded with smoked meat, of which we always carried a quantity. Descending rapids when the river was high was easy, as the rocks would then be well covered, but it was also rather alarming owing to the whirlpools and breaking water at the tail of the races. The whole contraption would come steaming down a steep shoot at a terrific speed and almost dive under on meeting the boiling mass of water at the end. Sometimes one could look right down into the centre of the whirling mass of brown water as the long canoes bridged the horrible thing. Heaving and lurching from side to side, I was always thankful when we got through. There would be no chance for the strongest swimmer. With



BIRD'S-EYE AND SIDE VIEWS OF THE CATAMARAN.

the launch alone in such big, strong water and with her rather high weights in the boiler the motions were sometimes positively alarming. When looking at such water from the bank above, the great swirling hollows and bulges are not apparent; it is only when in among them and with a great boiling mass rising feet above one's gunwale that they are properly realised.

Frequently we towed behind us an unladen Canadian canoe, and when passing through bad water I noticed that it was not at all disturbed by the under-tows and the upbursts of the agitated river. So I determined to try it alone through a really bad place. It was perfection: gliding smoothly along with a delightful easy motion. Its small immersion gave to the water-devils—as the natives call whirlpools and up-bursts—no hold at all.

When descending rapids in the dry season I tried a new method. At this season rocks stick up everywhere, and if the ordinary method of steaming down-stream faster than the current is employed, a frightful crash and corresponding damage to the hull is sooner or later bound to occur. My method was to turn bow up-stream at the head of the rapid and to drift slowly down stern first while steaming *against* the current. By this method splendid steering way was given, and if contact with rocks could not be avoided, it was made so gently as to avoid all damage. By carefully governing the steam throttle perfect marvels of navigation were performed, sometimes the craft being brought straight across a rapid to another opening among the rocks and there gently lowered down between them by slightly cutting off steam. In this way quite dangerous water came to be passed successfully. I have often wondered why river steamers do not employ this method.

On one occasion we came to the foot of a bad rapid where we meant to camp before chaining the outfit up on the morrow. As we came in sight of our sandbank we saw that one of the river steamers was tied up to it. On drawing near it became evident that she was down by the stern and that her cargo was being removed to the sandbank. This cargo consisted of elephant tusks and baskets of vine rubber. I was told that a rock had been struck during the mad descent and a plate knocked out. The sandbank had evidently been reached just in time

to prevent the ship from foundering in the deep and boiling pools at the foot of the rapid. I noticed that the ship was powerfully stayed to trees and rocks with wire hawsers: and then we passed on to a camping site higher up.

I, naturally, supposed that the steamer would be repaired, the cargo reshipped and the voyage continued. I was, therefore, astonished in the morning to see no sign of the steamer. In answer to enquiries, I was told that she had slipped off into deep water in the night. Looking around for broken hawsers, etc., I could see nothing. I thought it very funny indeed, but it was none of my business, and I passed on.

Some time later I happened on an announcement of the total loss of this steamer—and its cargo. It was understood that the whole had been well insured. I have often wondered since if insurance pays the underwriters in such places.



UBANGUI RAPIDS.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## DEFOLIATION OF OAKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—Is not the injury to oaks shown in COUNTRY LIFE owing to the wrong soil? There are miles of oaks within view of this house, and many of them were bare of leaf a few weeks ago; now they have put on a mantle of fresh green and show no sign of injury. In some soils and over large areas oaks never grow; and even in a district where the tree grows well there may be patches of rocky or poor sandy or gravelly soil in which, if the acorn makes a start, the trees never thrive. On such soils the Scotch and Corsican pines often do well.—W. ROBINSON, Gravetye Manor, Sussex.

## AN AUGUST PAGEANT AT COVENTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—Can any readers of COUNTRY LIFE explain why August 7th should have been chosen for the pageant of that enigmatic lady, Countess Godiva, by the citizens of Coventry for the last 300 years? And, indeed, as the famous wooden statue of Peeping Tom, which stood on the corner of a house in Hertford Street, was originally arrayed in "complete plate armour, with skirts," it would appear that the triennial procession is of even earlier date. The earliest notice of this August pageant, with which I am acquainted, occurs in an extremely rare little book in the British Museum with the delightful title, "Topographical Letters. Written in July, 1755, upon a Journey thro' Bedfordshire . . . Warwickshire &c. From a Gentleman of London to his Brother & Sister in Town: giving a Description of the Country thro' which he pass'd; with Observations on every Thing that occurred to him, either Curious or Remarkable." "This morning," writes our traveller, "we took Post-chaise for Coventry. We stopped to bait at the Bull Inn, at MERIDEN, call'd by the Country People, *The handsomest Inn in England*: It is indeed a well-built, genteelish House, has a neat Garden, good Fish-ponds, & a tolerable Prospect round it." It would be interesting to know if Meriden folk have any record of this "genteelish House," once reputed to be "*The handsomest Inn*" in England. About noon the travellers arrived at Coventry and "took a View of the Town, which consists principally of old Buildings of Wood & Plaster, the Stories projecting over each other, like those of London built before the Fire. . . . The Image of *Peeping Tom*, which projects out at a Window, facing the Street that leads to the Cross, is painted & dressed out with a laced Hat, a large Perriwig, a long Cravat & a Scarlet Coat; & is indeed a very contemptible Figure," says the supercilious Gentleman of London. He adds, "Tis Pity the ridiculous Legend that first occasioned its being placed there has not been laugh'd out of Countenance before this Time of Day." The reason, he adds, that the people of Coventry support "this Figure, & the annual Farce of a Procession" is the story of Godiva. After telling the familiar Godiva legend he concludes: "And to perpetuate the Remembrance of the Lady's Charity, and the Taylor's Roguery, his effigy has ever

since been fixed up as a Warning to others, how they hazard to pay for their peeping; & the Procession of a Person dressed up like a naked Woman, is continued annually amidst Thousands of Spectators." Until the year 1826 the Godiva pageant was constituted as follows: First came the City Guards, who formerly reinforced, if need were, the national forces. Their armour, which was genuine, consisted of corselets, backpieces and morions, and the weapons were the longbow or bill. Then came St. George, fully armed, his suit being a fine specimen of entire body armour, then the "City streamer," and then Lady Godiva, dressed usually in "a white cambric dress, closely fitted to the body," and a profusion of long flowing locks, with flowers and feathers; the Mayor and Corporation followed, attended by children on horseback, and then the City companies, including the Company of the Wool-combers, with the figure of the patron saint of wool-combers, St. Blaise, carrying the iron comb of the trade in his right hand. At the procession of 1824, a shepherd and shepherdess were displayed seated under a large bower, a live lamb being carried in the lap of the shepherdess. The wool-combers also displayed a representative of Jason, bearing the golden fleece in his left hand and in his right a naked sword. In 1848 the pageant was as popular as ever, and Lady Godiva had reverted somewhat to the realistic costume of 1755. Over 15,000 persons are said to have come into Coventry to see the procession in that year. The streets were decorated with arches and wreaths of evergreens; and Lady Godiva was attired in a "close-fitting elastic silk dress, of a pinky-white colour (so did our ancestors paraphrase 'fleshings'), entire from the neck to the toes, excepting the arms, which were uncovered; over this a simple white satin tunic edged with gold fringe completed her riding habit." This procession of 1848 included, we are told, the Black Prince, Sir John Falstaff, Robin Hood, William and Adam Botoner (two celebrated Mayors of Coventry), Sir Thomas White (a munificent benefactor) and the antiquary, Sir William Dugdale. But none of these records tells us the origin of holding the pageant in August!—G. M. GODDEN.

## PROMENADE DE VERDUN, PURLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

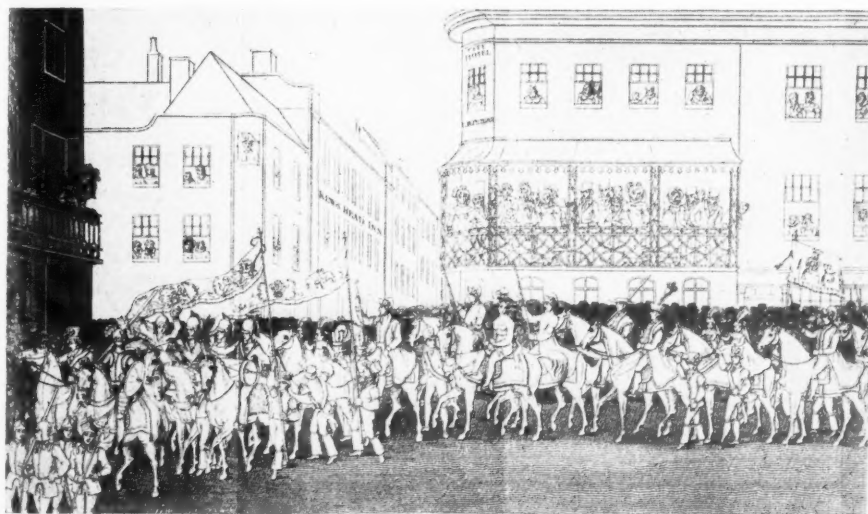
SIR—This memorial to French soldiers consists of a perfectly straight road, the only direct one at Upper Woodcote. It is exactly one third of a mile long, and half its width is a carriage drive and half a grass walk, near the edge of which is a row of Lombardy poplars, whose position and erect style intensify the straight line. The Minister of the Interior kindly offered to give ten tons of soil from a sacred spot in the neighbourhood of Armentière, so that each tree is now growing in a combination of French and British earth. When the mould arrived at Purley it was found to contain a number of shrapnel and bullets; and, to prevent subsequent disturbance of the ground in a hunt for trophies, these were picked out and filled two sacks. The road leads pedestrians from Rose Walk, past the end of the South Border, to Silver

Lane and Woodcote Village; it rises gradually for almost its whole length, and at the top end, about 400ft. above sea level, is an obelisk in almost white Cornish granite. As is well known, these monuments must be of certain proportionate sizes, and the shaft should be a monolith. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining



AUX SOLDATS DE FRANCE.

a column 19ft. 3ins. high and conveying it so far without damage to its sharp point, but the London Granite Co. undertook the task, with the result now seen. In planting anything in the nature of an avenue it is for a long period impossible to produce that dignity and rest which the designer perceives in his mind's eye, but in this instance the greater part of the land on either side of the road, having been occupied as gardens for some time, it has been feasible to avoid some of that newness which at first frequently spoils the effect of similar undertakings. France is now suffering a recrudescence of trial and difficulty, but it is desired that this tribute "*Aux Soldats de France*," will help to show for many years that we have not forgotten our comradeship in arms. The memorial was designed by Mr. Wm. Webb, F.S.I., and thanks are due to the British Consul at Lille, and to Monsieur F. Andra of Institut Français du Royaume Uni for their help in carrying it out.—C. H.



LADY GODIVA IN WHITE CAMBRIC.



THE WOODEN STATUE OF PEEPING TOM.

## TWO NESTS INTERWOVEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sure you will be interested in the accompanying photograph, which seems to indicate that in birdland there is sometimes competition for eligible building sites. The birds in competition were a pair of wrens and a pair of chaffinches, the wrens' nest having been used as a foundation by the latter, with the result that the two nests were quite interwoven. The site chosen for the nests was a yew tree in the garden of Mr. G. S. Clewett, Oxenwood, near Hungerford, who watched the building operations. I understand that both pairs of birds succeeded in rearing their respective broods. The nests have been presented by Mr. Clewett to the Reading Museum, where I hope the unique example will be preserved. The only previous instance of two nests on the same site which I have come across was in a garden in North London,



MR. AND MRS. WREN LIVE OVER MR. AND MRS. CHAFFINCH.

where there was a distinct dearth of suitable building sites. There a pair of blackbirds raised a second and third nest on the foundations of the first, gradually increasing their home until it measured about a foot from the bottom of the original nest to the top of the third.—F. J. C. POLE.

## LAMMAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the lamb, which was once offered at York Minster on Lammass Day? So far as I can discover, that was the only place where the particular custom was observed. There has been an attempt to arrange a fancy derivation for the word "lammass" on this account, supposing it to be a corruption of lamb-mass. One writer put forward the ingenious idea that the old name for the day was responsible for the lamb, and contended it was possible that in the course of centuries the real meaning had been forgotten. This seems to be scarcely feasible. The usual derivation of Hlaif-mass, loaf-mass, seems to be reasonable enough. It is a matter of history that all over the country for many hundreds of years the first fruits were offered in the churches at this season. Every worshipper brought a small loaf, made from the wheat of the recent harvest. We have an analogy for the gradual softening of the word in hlaif-dig, bread dispenser, which became our word "lady." I think we may accept as proved that lammass was the season of thanksgiving for the "kindly fruits of the earth," but especially for the grain harvest, which seems to have been "gathered in" much earlier than it usually is now, even allowing for the alteration in the calendar. Of course, the lamb might be accounted for as being first-fruits of another kind, but then August is hardly the lambing season. I wondered whether there could be any connection between the ceremony at York Minster and the festival of St. Peter ad Vincula, still observed in the Roman Catholic church on August 1st. The legend attaching to the feast, as set forth in the Roman Breviary, is that the Empress Eudocia visited Jerusalem and found the chains with which St. Peter had been bound by Herod, before his deliverance by the angel. She brought one of the chains back with her to Constantinople and sent the other as a present to her daughter, Eudoxia, who was married to Valerian III. A church at Combmartin, Devon,

is still dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, and in pre-Reformation days Peter's Pence were often sent to Rome about Lammastide. On the whole, however, it seems difficult to connect the lamb with this other festival. It seems more likely to belong to the idea of harvest thanksgiving. There was once general rejoicing outside as well as inside the churches, for on August 1st the fences surrounding the Lammass Lands were thrown down. It will be remembered that according to this curious old practice, certain lands were held "in severalty" until the cutting of the grass or corn, and then thrown open for grazing to those who had common rights. The corn lands were freed on Midsummer Day, and the grass lands on Lammass Day. Lammass fields or parks in different parts of the country are still reminders of this ancient custom.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

## FISH KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

TO THE EDITOR.

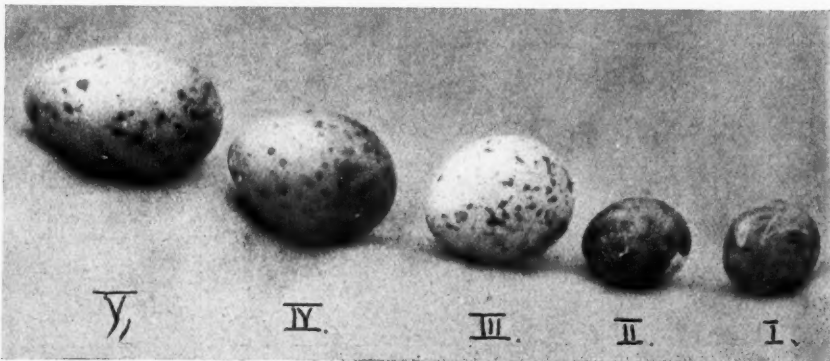
SIR,—I have two ponds in my garden, each about three-quarters of an acre. They are full of countless shoals of little fish, averaging about 8 ins. long, some of them, of course, bigger. They generally swim about the pond close to the surface. After the great thunderstorm this month thousands of these small fish were floating dead on the surface of the pond, also some bigger ones, two to three pounds in weight. No roads treated with tar or poisonous matter can possibly drain into the pond and such a thing has never occurred before. Is it possible that they were electrocuted?—LAMBOURNE.

[We referred Lord Lambourne's letter to an authority at the Natural History Museum, who kindly writes as follows: "I should say that the fish found dead on the surface of the pond were very probably killed by shock caused by lightning striking the pond. Since water is, of course, a good conductor it seems quite likely that such a storm as the recent one would cause such a calamity, and I believe that one or two similar cases have been previously recorded."—Ed.]

## THE TERN WITH TWO ESTABLISHMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With regard to my letter published in your last week's issue, I have been making further investigations and have confirmed my previous opinion that the bird in question is a common tern, and not a little tern, although the eggs are certainly the size of those of the latter bird. I have measured the eggs very carefully and weighed them also, and they prove to be, rather less than half of the normal size and weight. I am enclosing another photograph with five numbered eggs: No. 1—length 1 in., breadth 13-16 in., weight 83 grains; No. 2—length 1 1-32 ins., breadth 27-32 in., weight 86 grains—the abnormal clutch. No. 3—length 1 7-16 ins., breadth 1 1-8 ins., weight 217 grains. No. 3 was one of the eggs shown in the previous photograph sent, the other two normal eggs having hatched out, and this one had chipped and is showing beak. No. 4—another normal egg, length 1 19-32 ins., breadth 1 1-8 ins., weight 272 grains; No. 5—also normal, length 1 29-32 ins., breadth 1 1-8 ins., not weighed. The difference in weight between No. 3 and No. 4 is no doubt accounted for by evaporation in the case of the chipped egg. I saw no little tern about the place all the while I was watching, but the common tern was still incubating the small eggs, which were quite warm and on to which she immediately returned on our departure.—C. J. KING.



THE TERN'S LARGE AND SMALL EGGS.



A DARTMOOR LILY POND.

## A LITTLE PICTURE FROM DARTMOOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a lily pond on Dartmoor taken early in July. Perhaps you may think it good enough for publication, as giving some idea of a very beautiful sight.—E. A. ELLIOT.

## GREAT BLACK GULL AND RAZORBILL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a breeding haunt of greater black-back gulls other species do not have a particularly happy time, judging by the number of carcasses of Manx shearwaters and puffins lying about all over the place. The razorbill, with his formidable beak, is evidently able to protect himself against this great gull, on land, for his dead body is never found among the other remains. On the sea, however, even he does not seem to be safe, for the other day one of those voracious birds swooped down upon a single razorbill from behind, and in a few seconds tore the unfortunate bird to pieces, as quickly as any falcon could have done.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## A TALE OF SPARROWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A curious instance of instinct in house sparrows occurred recently. Owing to the necessity of removing some old ivy, containing partially built nests, from the walls of this house, several pairs of birds were dislodged, yet they continued to bring building materials, each bird flying to the exact spot of its former home on the wall, only to flutter down and try again. The process went on and the birds appeared to forget in a moment that the ivy and all that it contained had disappeared, leaving only the long stretch of bare red wall unrelieved by any green growth or shadow. Bits of the old nests were collected and carried up again, only to return once more to earth in the beaks of the persistent builders. The baffled sparrows remained quite cheerful throughout, but occasionally indulged in the usual display of temper when a neighbour came too close. After a few days the efforts slackened and bits of stray material were sought out and gleefully carried off elsewhere.—BURTON FLETCHER.



# RACING IN THE LAW COURTS

STEWARDS AND THE FUTURE.

THE racing which immediately preceded this Goodwood week was really the tamest known for some years, ever since full racing after the war was, in fact, resumed. Liverpool, in particular, suffered. Doubtless this would not have been the case to the same extent were it more adjacent and convenient to Newmarket and the big training centres in the south. In such case horses would have been rushed to the spot on the day of a race when it was realised how the events were undergoing a shrinkage. The chief cause, however, was the fact of there being many unsound and unfit horses owing to the long spell of hard going on training grounds and the heavy toll it has taken on horses. Not only Liverpool but other meetings have suffered, and especially has this been so of races which closed a long time ahead, in some cases a matter of two and three years.

The bad and indifferent horses seem to survive the troubles of training far more than the good ones. They are not so enfolded in cotton wool: there is not so much nervousness about them, and it certainly appears to be the case that those which are most esteemed and looked after come by most of the passing troubles attending training operations. Some of the breeders' races have suffered badly: I mean those events which called for entries a long while ago while horses were still with their breeders. The truth is, as has been pointed out on many previous occasions, these races close far too early. The object is clear to the dullest understanding in racing, since the series of entry fees and forfeits goes to make up the bulk of the stakes, leaving a minimum of money to be provided by the executives. I do not quite know what the two breeders' races at the recent Leicester meeting cost the executive, but I do know that they cracked up quite miserably and gave the general public little or no satisfaction for what they paid at the gates. I refer to the Oadby Breeders' Plate and the Leicestershire Oaks. Many of these races require to be drastically overhauled in their conditions. Then we should find fit and sound racers able to compete, instead of the entry being chiefly made up of horses either dead, broken down or turned out of training.

In the circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that far more interest last week should have been concentrated on what was happening in Mr. Justice Darling's court in the case of Boam *versus* Beary. An owner sued a jockey for damages for negligence in having caused his horse to be brought down and killed at Kempton Park, in consequence of which the jockey had been suspended for three months by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. As is well known, the owner won his case, and the jockey was ordered to pay damages, amounting to 300 guineas, in respect of the value of the horse. Few there can be who are glad the case was ever brought into court. Certainly we may take it that the Stewards never expected an owner would take such a course when they, in their opinion, made the punishment of three months' suspension fit the crime. An alarming precedent has been created, not only in racing but in sports quite outside it. A new responsibility has been placed on Stewards, who must be ever so much more vigilant than they have been and make certain of the fairness and justice of their decisions lest they be taken to another court and questioned. Alarming possibilities are opened out for jockeys, who can now be held liable for any loss sustained by owners they ride for if such owners hold that they have lost races and come by injured horses through their negligent riding. A jockey may have to think twice before accepting a ride on a horse which is known to have swerving tendencies lest blame for any havoc caused shall be thrust on him by the judge and jury, who cannot be expected to be educated in the finer points of racing.

There is, indeed, no limit to the possibilities of litigation opened out by this case. The plaintiff was unquestionably assisted in his action by what the Stewards had done to Beary; but I hope it will be the last action of its kind, and that every other owner in future will always regard the Jockey Club's decisions as making an end of the matter. It is the only way if the Jockey Club is to govern and not be harassed and embarrassed by other people having recourse to the law to emphasise its decisions.

It happened that I did not see the race for the Liverpool Cup, but I do not doubt my authorities who tell me that it was about the roughest seen on any course this season. If only it had taken place a day earlier it might have done something to prevent people carrying away from the Law Courts the notion that the unfortunate Beary was a jockey who understood the art of riding foul and reckless races. Often it has happened within my recollection that rough races have taken place on the Liverpool course. There was the Liverpool Autumn Cup race, which Crevasse won and in which Leighton and Blue Tarn were victims of much scrimmaging. In a hurdle race last March there was a rough and tumble on the flat while making the long turn into the straight, and Bumble Bee was killed. And beyond doubt there was wild riding in this Cup race of Friday last, as Donoghue would not have lodged a formal complaint ending in a young jockey being cautioned and severely reprimanded.

Then there was the objection to the winner, Sun Charmer, on behalf of the second, Lord Derby's Moabite, on the grounds

of a cross. I am told Lord Derby was not present, but it is quite certain that there must have been substance for the complaint or the Hon. George Lambton would not have taken action in his absence. We are not told what evidence was tendered, whether the Stewards relied on what they saw for themselves, or whether the evidence of other jockeys was relied on. All I know is that jockey's evidence on the whole is most unsatisfactory, and even that same day in the courts it was presumably ignored by a jury in deciding that Beary was himself not interfered with by other jockeys. I most seriously agree with the suggestion of a very reputable writer when he says the Jockey Club should consider the necessity of appointing officials, who would act in the capacity of advisory stewards and whose duties would not chain them entirely to the comfortably placed Stewards' Stand. They are urgently wanted down the course. That is the real and vital vantage point. What happens close on the winning post should be clear to the Stewards themselves. But that something more is required, after the evidence given in *Boam v. Beary*, is most urgently made clear.

Thinking of Moabite's defeat for the Liverpool Cup and the fact that Lord Derby ran six horses without winning at a meeting which generally yields him something in the way of prize money, I was reminded of how bad his luck has been for a long time past. Five of the six horses which carried his colours at Liverpool were second. Surely this is crowning bad luck when you bear in mind that this influential owner, with a very big stable, costing, I am sure, a deal of money to maintain from week to week and on which no reasonable expense is spared, has not won a race since the Saturday in the Derby week. That was when Silurian won the Queen's Handicap at Kempton Park on June 9th. How many horses have carried the colours since then goodness knows, but we have to remember that such big meetings as Ascot, two summer meetings at Newmarket, and the "Eclipse" meeting at Sandown Park have occurred in the interval.

It is all very extraordinary, especially so when I think of the fine prospects under which the stable began the season. It is true that Tranquil won Lord Derby the One Thousand Guineas, and it looked as if things would go well then. But without the big sum won by the filly the winnings would look particularly lean now. Actually, Lord Derby, up to the time of writing, has only had seven winning horses in his big stable this season. Pharos, I need hardly say, was a big blow to stable hopes when he was only second and not first for the Derby. His failure at Ascot was vexatious in all the circumstances, though it is true the colt had had a hard time of it up to then. Silurian only lost the Gold Cup at Ascot by a short head, and when all is said and done these seconds do make an enormous difference, not only to the exchequer but to the *moral* of all concerned. I am not suggesting this of Lord Derby, because I regard him as a wonderfully good loser. What, however, is disquieting is the thought that no good two year olds have been discovered in the stable so far. The fact is far-reaching since the outlook for the season to come must be adversely affected. It is an example of fortune's violent fluctuations. Trade, it is said, "cycles and turns and waxes and wanes." So does luck in racing, whether you are wagering your half-crowns or maintaining a great breeding stud and a stable second to none in the land. Last year Lord Derby just missed winning more money than any other owner. This year has been more than disappointing. And fancy, no success between June 9th and the end of July!

Mumtaz Mahal is to appear at Goodwood this week end, and, that being so, let us hope she will not be given a walk-over for the Molecomb Stakes, which brings the fine meeting to a close. One can understand the reluctance of an owner to letting his very ordinary animal take on this very extraordinary one. There can, apparently, only be a showing up, and few owners like to see their colours badly tailed off. They must remember, however, that there can be no disgrace in being defeated by Mumtaz Mahal. Rather may it be a distinction to be found in her company. That is why I do not want to see a walk-over. We want to see the machine-like creature in full action again. I see a writer in a London evening paper has been at her training quarters, and her trainer in an interview is made to say: "She cost £9,555, but then her half brothers, Blue Ensign and Westward Ho, both cost more than that, and Westward Ho won only one race and the other ran once and fell." Now, I don't suppose Mr. Dawson said anything of the sort. If he did, then I must correct him and remind him that Mumtaz Mahal is not the half-sister of those two horses. They were out of the mare Blue Tit. Our wonderful grey filly is from the mare Lady Josephine.

At the time of writing I have not heard of any highly tried two year olds likely to make their appearance at Goodwood, but I expect we shall have seen the King's Knight of the Garter in action, as also the Aga Khan's Diophon and Druid's Orb in addition to Mumtaz Mahal and possibly Tippler. However, that will be a matter on which I can write a week hence. Then, I suppose, we shall relapse into those dog days which preceded the meeting, for there will be no real reunion until the York meeting at the end of the month, and then, of course, the St. Leger meeting at Doncaster.

PHILIPPOS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# THE SEASON ENDING WELL

ON the whole, the Herefordshire Hampton Court auction may be regarded as the most successful sale of the summer season, soon to close. The total, including the prices obtained on the re-sale of certain lots not required by the first buyer, exceeded £170,000. Mr. Alfred J. Burrows (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) occupied the rostrum, and there was a crowded hall and enthusiasm throughout. Mrs. Nancy Burrell, the vendor, intends to retain the house and park for a while.

Hampton Court is four miles from Leominster and ten from Hereford, and the character of the 5,430 acres will be evident from the fact that the timber valuations on about twenty-four of the lots exceeded £16,500. Four advowsons, half a dozen manorial lordships, and miles of fishing in the River Lugg, as well as pheasant and wildfowl shooting, pass with the freehold.

Historically, Hampton Court is of interest, for, as Leland wrote, "This goodly Mannour Place was sumptuously erected by one Sr. Lenthall, Kt., that rose by service. . . . This Lenthall was victorious at the Battaille at Agincourt and took many prifoners there, by which prey he beganne the New Buildings at Hampton Court."

Less than a century later the estate was acquired by Humphrey Coningsby, a judge of the King's Bench. Thomas Coningsby, "as great a humourist as any in his age" and a friend of Philip Sidney, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. His son, Sir Fitzwilliam Coningsby, defended Hereford for Charles I, thereby forfeiting his estates and bringing his wife to penury. His heir was the eccentric first and last Earl of Coningsby.

By the marriage of the earl's second daughter, Frances, the estate passed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the Whig poet and satirist. Again by marriage it became the property of Lord Maldon, later Earl of Essex, whose son, the fifth earl, sold it about the year 1818 to Mr. Richard Arkwright.

Of the properties on the estate two may be named. Winsley House is a fifteenth century structure, refaced during the reign of Queen Anne, and again altered. Above the porch is carved a cross with the words: "Per signum Tua libera nos Domine." The manor of Bodenham formed part of the possessions of Roger de Laci at the Desmond. In 1618 it passed by purchase to Sir Thomas Coningsby of Hampton Court.

The sale of the 185 acres of Cudham Frith, near Westerham, yielded £4,620, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have privately disposed of South Lawn, Reigate. They acted for Sir Eric Geddes in regard to Albourne Place, Hurstpierpoint, where he is shortly going into occupation.

Bidding for Gadshill Place, the home for years of Charles Dickens, began at £3,000, and the property was put aside, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at a bid of £5,000.

The history of Old Park estate, Devizes, for sale by the firm, is closely interwoven with that of the castle, which was dismantled by order of Oliver Cromwell. Old Park House was built in the eighteenth century.

### PRINKNASH PARK FOR SALE.

MR. T. DYER EDWARDES has instructed Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. to offer Prinknash Park estate, of 385 acres, as a whole or in nine lots, in September, unless it is previously dealt with in private negotiation. Mr. Edwardes purchased Prinknash in 1887, and enlarged the chapel and constructed a drive to the house.

Horace Walpole, in 1774, on the occasion of one of his many visits to Prinknash, wrote that "it stands on a glorious but impracticable hill, in the midst of a little forest of beech, and commanding Elysium." Prinknash, Prinkenese, Prinknesche, as it used to be called, and, occasionally, Brinknash, looks towards the Severn. It was for a long period a manor of the Abbey of St. Peter of Gloucester. Abbot Parker, otherwise Malvern (1514-1539), the last Abbot of Gloucester, used the estate as a residence. The date of the building or enlargement of the house as it stands is given as 1520-1525, and that accords with its style. Though somewhat modernised, the general characteristic is Late Perpendicular applied to domestic architecture. The oriel in the library, with

pendants and fan tracery, is a fine example of Abbot Parker's work.

Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII, stayed at Prinknash on her progress through Gloucestershire in the year 1502. Glass in the drawing-room exhibits the arms of Henry VIII and the Abbot. Horace Walpole, in a note on the features of the ancient chapel, says that it is "low and small, but antique, and with painted glass with angels in their coronation robes, wings and crowns."

Prinknash was purchased in the year 1628 by Sir John Bridgeman, who effected many alterations. The estate remained in the possession of the Bridgeman family until 1770, and six years subsequently it was sold to Thomas B. Howell, whose son rid the house of incongruities and improved the grounds. In 1847 he sold it to Mr. James Ackers, Member of Parliament for Ludlow, who restored and beautified the chapel and did much to improve the house.

The house stands in a well wooded park, 700ft. above sea level, and there is a chain of fishponds in the grounds. It is a place of four reception rooms and twenty bed and dressing rooms, and it has electric light, central heating and good sanitation and water supply. If the estate is cut up, the more important lots will be the house and park and Gastrells Farm, 215 acres, and Pincot Farm and the beech wood known as "Popes," both of approximately 64 acres. Prinknash is seven miles from Cheltenham and Stroud, in a delightful Cotswold district. It was the subject of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XX, page 414).

### LETTING OF GREY WALLS, GULLANE.

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON has taken Grey Walls, Gullane, for the summer, through the agency of Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who have instructions to find a purchaser, the latter fact having been already announced in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty and fitness of Grey Walls and the powerful appeal of its surroundings. To get an idea of both, the special illustrated article which appeared in these pages on September 9th, 1911, should be studied.

Grey Walls adjoins the Muirfield golf links, the home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. No misuse of words is made in saying that Grey Walls was "created" in 1901 by Sir Edwin Lutens for the late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. When the late Mr. Lyttelton left for Wittersham he sold Grey Walls to the late Mr. William James. Messrs. Curtis and Henson are to sell the property on behalf of Mrs. Brinton. As a golfer's home it is ideal, and not less desirable if it were considered solely as a seaside residence, though, of course, its prime excellence is for the golfer.

Lady Fermor-Hesketh has purchased St. Serf's, one of the most notable houses at Roehampton, and adjoining Richmond Park. Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd acted as agents for the purchaser. This is the second occasion in three years which Messrs. Curtis and Henson have sold St. Serf's. In the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on July 21st we announced the sale of Lady Fermor-Hesketh's Northamptonshire seat, Eydon Hall, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd, to Captain Margesson, M.P., and the sale by the last-named of The Manor House, Weston-on-the-Green, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., to Lord Greville.

### THE UNION CLUB TRANSACTIONS.

THE necessary sale and purchase in connection with the announcements which have been made in COUNTRY LIFE in the last two weeks—in Country Notes—were effected through the sole agency of Messrs. Collins and Collins. The South Audley Street firm sold the lease of the Club, and, acting on behalf of the trustees of Lord Ridley, sold the town mansion in Carlton House Terrace to the Club as its future home.

### PRIVATE SALES AT MELLS.

SIR JOHN HORNER has not waited for the auction this week before giving his tenants the opportunity to acquire their holdings, and when the auction opened at Frome on Thursday, Messrs. Humbert and

Flint had the satisfaction of announcing that, instead of 4,300 acres, they had only about 2,600 acres to submit, so many of the tenants had dealt privately with them. Mells has been in the hands of the Horner family for centuries, and is mostly grass, embracing dairy and cheese-making farms of wide reputation, in the parishes of Mells, Leigh-upon-Meneap, Cloford and Whatley. ARBITER.

### SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.

ONE or two publishers have evidently decided that, at least as far as fiction is concerned, this is a good moment for the launching of a new book. Very possibly—and again particularly where fiction is concerned—they are right. Who on holiday, with hours of free time when there is only the sea to watch or the hammock to swing in by way of occupation, could resist the announcement of a new novel by Mr. A. E. W. Mason? This is one of six just published at 7s. 6d. by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, its name is *The Winding Stair*, and it is all about love and fighting, with its scenes laid chiefly in Morocco and Mr. Mason's best romantic touch to endear it to the heart that would be not too painfully thrilled. *Jim Maitland*, by "Sapper," is also to be recommended; also *The Last of the Vikings*, by Johan Bojer; and Mr. John Oxenham's novel, *A Hazard in the Blue*; *Little Flower of the Street*, by Dion Clayton Calhoun; and *The Barbarian Lover*, by Miss Margaret Pedler, complete a very promising half-dozen. A book of short stories, *The Vagaries of Tod and Peter* (7s. 6d.), by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, comes from Mr. John Murray; and *Prunello* (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, will arouse pleasant expectations in many readers. Messrs. Hutchinson's books of the moment include a new one by Miss E. M. Delafield, whose caustic touch and clear eye for character are always refreshing, and *A Reversion to Type* (7s. 6d.) is a title which promises her best. From the same publisher at the same price come *Fields of Sleep*, by Mr. E. Charles Vivian, and *Thus Gods Are Made*, a boxing novel, by Mr. T. C. Wignall. *Wild Blood* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Gordon Young; *The Brooklyn Murders* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), an excursion into fiction by the well known writer on economics, Mr. G. D. H. Cole; *By Right of Sex* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), is by A. W. Marchmont; and *Stories of Love and Laughter* (Lane, 3s. 6d.) is by Miss Muriel Hine.

An outstanding book of serious interest which has reached us in the last few days, *The Philosophy of Civilisation* (Putnam, New York), is by Mr. R. H. Towner; *Science and Civilisation* (Oxford University Press, 12s. 6d.) is by Mr. F. S. Marvin; and *The Problem of Armaments* (Macmillan, 6s.), is by Mr. Arthur Guy Enoch, is a book for the ordinary citizen on a subject which is very much his concern.

*The Portsmouth Road* (Palmer, 7s. 6d.) is the full and pleasant account of its subject that we should expect of its author, Mr. C. G. Harper. *The Cruise of the "Walrus"* (Jarrolds, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Arthur Patterson, is an illustrated record of sailing in the Brooms in a North Sea ketch.

*Dawn in the Woods* (Village Bookshop, Highbury Gate) is the solitary book of poetry which reaches us. Miss Marion Pryce, who is its author, has expressed her own thoughts very pleasantly and sometimes beautifully and if they are often everyone's thoughts that only widens their appeal.

The *Cornhill Magazine* (Murray, 1s. 6d.), with a poem by the Poet Laureate as one of many interesting contributions; the *Strand Magazine* (Newnes, 1s.), always good reading; and *Conquest* (Wireless Press, 1s.) have also been received. It should be noted here that, by a slip of the pen, the credit for twelve volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's "Outing Handbooks," mentioned in this column a fortnight ago, was given to another publisher. Peccavi!